JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII; 1912

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WOMAN'S OTHER WAR by the EDITOR

HUSH HUSH HEROES

TWO WORDS TO SHAKE THE AXIS By A.G.G.

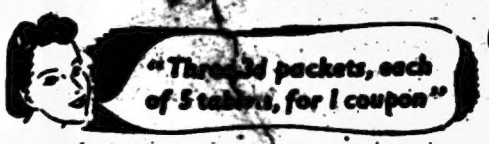
Your soap ration will go twice as far with MAZO

SOAP ENERGIZING TABLETS

Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

THINK what this means! With Mazo your soap ration goes twice as far and your work is easier. Simply crumble Mazo tablets into the water before the soap is added. You'll be amazed at the masses of richly energized suds you get. Suds which save work because of their extra cleansing power. Suds that care gently for even the most delicate garment. Get Mazo today—it's so safe, so wonderfully efficient.

add MAZO to get extra cleansing energy from soap



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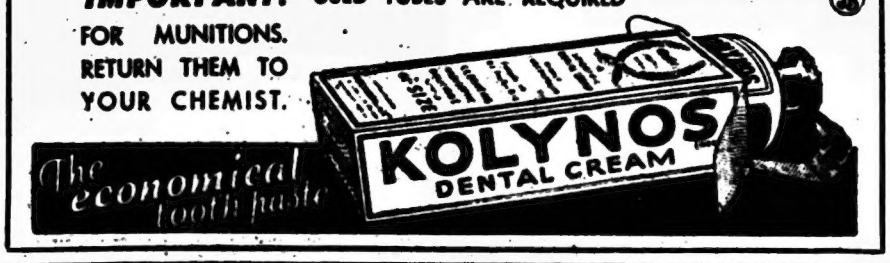
SELLING AGENTS: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

by KOLYNOS! of course

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war; for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and—good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



SEE THIS HEEL?

Well, listen...

The rubber shortage is so serious that *no* heel may be made today—except of *regenerated rubber*.

You who ordinarily wear rubber heels know only too well that in war-time the rubber heel has greater value than ever because of its tremendous economy.

Therefore, you may ask "What shall I lose in economy—now that heels are made from regenerated rubber?" The answer is that Goodyear, the largest makers of rubber products in the world, are still able to bring to bear—on the manufacture of heels made from regenerated rubber—such a wealth of experience and skill that the resulting product is a miracle of fine quality in war-time. What's more, the raw materials involved are not essential to the war effort. And so today it is still true that Goodyear heels give you relatively the utmost satisfaction it is possible to obtain. It's wise to ask your shoe repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

Why ANDREWS is the Ideal Tonic Laxative

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

8 ozs. 1/10], including purchase tax

(27)

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

How to make WOOLLENS LAST LONGER

Your woollens are precious materials of war. Take care of them and they will last a very long time

General Care Grit and dust wear away the fibres, so brush and shake all woollen clothes often. Pay special attention to pockets, seams, and under the collar. Blankets and rugs need a thorough shaking and airing at least once a month, out of doors if possible.

Deal with stains at once with hot water. Never leave knitted clothes till they are really dirty. They are much more difficult to wash then and use much more soap in the end.

Keep a look out for moth and mildew.

When you take your clothes off hang them up before putting away. This keeps them fresh and gets the creases out.

There's nothing like Lather for Washing

Never rub or twist woollens—or they may shrink.

Never boil them, either.

Never hang up jumpers, or they will stretch. Lay them flat to dry.

Make a good soapy lather with warm water—not hot—and squeeze your woollens gently in it.

Wash each garment separately.—light colours first.

Rinse thoroughly in clear lukewarm water.

Lift woollens out of the water all in one go, so that the weight of the water doesn't stretch them. Then roll them in a towel to absorb most of the water before laying them out to dry.

Mend and make do to save buying new

Mix your Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

Many people keep their Horlicks to have as a night-cap. It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work. Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demands on the milk supply. The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with *water only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.

BETTER DAYS-
WITH
EVEN BETTER CYCLES

Precision Built by

ABERDALE

THE HALL-MARK OF QUALITY

THIS is the Food Fact we must NEVER forget!

Your bread costs ships. Eat home-grown potatoes instead!

FOOD FACTS No. 134. ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 6, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

FULL TIME

● Some people are whispering that Britain's workers, convinced of approaching victory, are beginning to slack.

We haven't seen much evidence of it ourselves. Nor have the Tyneside doctors.

They are fighting an influenza epidemic. The chief cause of its rapid spread, they say, is the workers' enthusiasm for the job.

They complain that the workers insist on working full shifts even when suffering from the early symptoms of 'flu. Rightly, they are trying to persuade people to spend 48 hours in bed at the first signs of the disease.

We don't suppose the men and women of Tyneside are putting the rest of our industrial army to shame.

But their determination to "get on with the war" is a good enough answer to any detractor of the workers.

Straight from the Shoulder

ZERO HOUR

WE are nearing the greatest offensive in our history.

The date of the Second Front has been fixed.

That is one result of the Churchill-Roosevelt meeting. No doubt the talks in the African sun led to many other important decisions which time alone will reveal.

More than One!

Quite likely, not only a Second but a Third Front in Europe was discussed—when, where and in what strength we should bring our battering-rams to bear against Hitler's Continental fortress.

High interesting changes in military commands were probably made—because the men who will lead our invading armies have been chosen.

Ready!

In the next few weeks, therefore, we shall waste our breath if we continue to call for a Second Front. We shall not be able to expedite the date that has been arranged.

What we must do in the next few [illegible] to make sure that all is ready [illegible]

Breathing Space

"[illegible] only hold out for six months!" many people said when the Russians first recoiled under the full weight of the mightiest army Germany had ever assembled.

Well, we have had not six months but nineteen. Now we see the Americans have mighty armies waiting to march.

Before they go over the top, the enemy lines must be softened by aerial bombardment.

Joint Efforts

We may expect to see the American bombing force used to its full for the first time.

Recent daylight forays by both the U.S. airmen and the R.A.F. may indeed have been the beginning of the "softening-up" process.

And we may find that the bombing of Germany itself may be left more and more to the Americans.

Wide Range

For the R.A.F. has enough to do elsewhere.

Heavy demands will still be made upon its Middle East forces, whose terrific "blitz" made possible the Eighth Army's whirlwind campaign.

It will have a heavy task in covering the armies that will storm the coasts of Europe. A still heavier task in beating the U-boats.

SOS for Ships

For the U-boat threatens to undo our preparations for zero hour.

Our shipping losses continue to be tragically high. And this at a time when military needs call for more ships than have ever been assembled in the past.

Fresh Start

We need more ships not merely to replace our losses, but to satisfy new demands. We want ships not only to bring us food and take supplies to Africa and India, but to transport enormous armies and prodigious equipment to fresh battlefronts.

Therefore, a fresh effort must be made to beat the U-boat.

Urgent Note

It must be made at once, for zero hour cannot be delayed.

It should not be based on the methods of 1917. We have been applying those methods for more than three years in this war. They have failed us.

We must recognise this ugly fact while there is still time.

Words or Action!

That little word "we" includes our great Ministers of State. Indeed, it is particularly addressed to them.

They should know by now that grim speeches do not sink submarines and that battles cannot be won to-day by the text-book tactics of the last war.

Before the land offensive can begin, the offensive must be taken at sea.

Crowded Out

There is no lack of offensive-minded experts in this country.

No longer should they be neglected by conservative statesmen or impeded by Service jealousies.

This war is something more than a series of realistic "exercises," as our generals learned long ago. It demands new strategy, new tactics, a new and ruthless application of science.

Arty

During last week's Debate on the slow old craft supplied to the Fleet Air Arm, Lord Cherwell affirmed that aeroplane design is more an art than a science.

Lord Cherwell is one of the "back-room boys" of this war. He is Paymaster-General. He is Mr. Churchill's close and trusted adviser.

Nevertheless, he is wrong. The designing of an intricate machine is a science—as the R.A.F. could tell him. Anti-U-boat warfare is a science, not an art. All warfare has ceased to be an "art" and must be fought on scientific lines.

World Council

That is true even of the central direction of the war, which calls for the most scientific co-ordination of all the United Nations' plans.

We know a vast offensive will follow the Casablanca conference.

But the best guarantee of a vast *world-wide* movement to smash the Axis everywhere would be the setting up of a World War Council.

Joint or General

Mr. Churchill's statement on the N. African talks is cheering because of what it did not tell us.

But it would have been the more welcome if, while making no mention of the purely military decisions reached, it had assured us that in future all such decisions would be reached by *all* the United Nations.

It is good to have joint British-American plans. It might be better to have general allied planning.

Preparing for Peace

Planning for peace, be it noted, as well as for war.

Just as we must be ready for gigantic military enterprises in Europe, so must we prepare for the more colossal venture of world reconstruction.

Eden's Talks

A start has been made. Ambitious schemes are being devised for a Better Britain. America is being educated in world economics.

Mr. Eden states that certain aspects of reconstruction are under discussion between the British and Soviet Governments.

In Touch

We have every intention, he adds, of keeping in touch with the Russians on the whole subject of post-war planning.

That is good so far as it goes. The trouble is that it does not go far enough.

Other Allies

We want to know that the Chinese are being fully consulted. We should be given an assurance that the Greeks, Poles, Serbs, Czechs, Dutch, French, Belgians, Norwegians are being brought into agreement with the peoples of America, Africa, and Asia.

They will have to have a share in the peace.

This Year, Next Year—

We cannot arrange the peace piecemeal. We dare not wait till hostilities cease.

The war's end will probably not come this year, even with the astonishing exertions of the Russians and an Anglo-American invasion of the Continent.

But it will take more than a year to ensure that it will not be followed by famine and chaos.

Cause of Hunger

Consider one aspect alone. The Occupied Countries have lost 11,000,000 cattle, 12,000,000 pigs, 3,000,000 horses and 11,000,000 sheep as a result of Hitler's "New Order" of plunder and slaughter.

Meat production has fallen by half. Milk by a third.

Dirty Milk

Such is a fragmentary indication of the immense organisation we must have to save Europe from lean years after the peace.

The organisation is not yet complete. It is not yet ready to solve the problems that peace will bring to our own land. It is not even capable of meeting our needs in war.

Thus there is still tinkering with our dairy industry. A timid, hesitant policy prevents us from being assured of clean milk.

It Should be Done

Plainly, the Government scheme for healthy cattle should be made compulsory. The Government should assume control of all veterinary surgeons, even those working for local authorities.

In no other way can we save our dairy herds, which are fast becoming infected. By no other method shall we obtain a national supply of clean milk.

Big and Little

Does this problem seem far removed from the enormous question-mark of the Second Front? It isn't.

Unless we show ourselves capable of solving domestic difficulties, we might well doubt our ability to succeed in the terrific tasks that lie beyond our shores.

But a nation that stood alone in the grimmest year of the war should not find any demand of the next few months beyond its strength.

(Continued overleaf)

"WE SHALL NEVER FORGET WHAT 'JOHN BULL' HAS DONE FOR US"—

So writes Mrs. E. Matthews, of Herne Bay, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband who was machine-gunned by an enemy plane while driving his 'bus during a recent daylight raid.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MR. LYTTELTON urges war factories to take the offensive. They would be better able to do so if he became offensive in Government offices.

For the production of red tape is checking the output of weapons.

Rush Order

One Ministry offered a rush order for 150,000 arms components. Most manufacturers said, "Sorry; we're absolutely full up."

Then a firm accepted the Very Urgent contract. And its troubles began.

Turned Down

It needed nine or ten bench lathes to do the job. It was assured that a permit to buy them could be obtained from another section of the same Ministry.

There are plenty of bench lathes available. There are so many unused tools and machines piled up that some manufacturers say the entire machine tool industry could now be shut down.

Yet the firm was refused a permit to buy

In Vain

So the 150,000 Very Urgent components could not be made.

A few days ago, officialdom imperiously asked the firm why they weren't ready. The answer was not polite.

One of Many

Yes, you've read similar examples in these columns. The point is that Bureaucracy's blunders are becoming dangerously common.

One Ministry "won't speak" to another. One department obstructs the work of another. One official gives his approval to a batch of finished goods; another official holds up their delivery for weeks.

Unless he acts drastically, Mr. Lyttelton may find that some war contractors will revolt.

Short Supply

Nor is Dr. Hugh Dalton very popular with the workers. Or with magistrates.

The courts are still cluttered up with war workers caught cycling without a light—because of the shortage of batteries. People are still falling in the black-out—because of the shortage of batteries.

And there's still a shortage of children's footwear.

Four Months

Last October, a Birmingham reader ordered a pair of boots for her crippled child of four.

They haven't arrived yet. She has searched the entire city—in vain. And so a crippled mite has to walk through the rain to hospital in leaky boots.

Some Profit

Why? Because much leather intended for children's shoes is finding its way into handbags—yielding a hundred times bigger profit

An expert tells us that many of the women's handbags selling at six guineas contain leather worth from 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d.

Nice Difference

Upholsterers are selling leather bits at a shilling or two a pound which become purses at 10s. and more.

Some handbag manufacturers are even calling on car owners, buying the leather upholstery of their cars.

Two Questions

There are five hides of leather in a small car. That leather upholstery used to cost the car-buyer an extra £7 or £10.

To-day, the leather will make some hundreds of pounds' worth of handbags.

Supposing the Government wanted the laid-up cars one day: What use would they be if the parts have been sold piecemeal? And who says there is no profiteering?

Eagle-Eyed!

Next Minister on the list is Mr. Bevin. We offer him a friendly hint.

He's determined to deflate the bloated Civil Service. We warn him that Civil Service mandarins will diddle him unless he watches them as closely as a small boy watches a conjurer. We have reason for our warning.

● Thousands of men and women who fought Fascism in Austria and Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia are still languishing in North African prisons.

Two thousand ex-members of the International Brigade are still in forced labour camps administered by the former agents of Vichy. Two thousand men who fought against the Axis in Spain!

Was their plight considered at the Casablanca conference? Are they to be given their liberty to take up arms again in the final assault on the Axis?

The people of Britain will want an answer—and quickly.

Still Barred

A girl temporary clerk in Whitehall volunteered, and was accepted, for the W.A.A.F. The Ministry of Labour advised her to resign from the Whitehall job.

Her resignation has been refused. It is said she cannot be spared. Yet for eighteen months she has been wasting her time on the most elementary work that does not entitle her to promotion.

Kicking Her Heels

Local government staff know of many similar cases. A highly educated girl in the Midlands has volunteered for the W.R.N.S., the A.T.S. and the W.A.A.F. All would be glad to have her—if she can get release from her present job.

That job ceased to be important many months ago. It will probably never be "essential" again.

Yet the county officials still insist that she is indispensable.

Housemaids in Blue

Mr. Herbert Morrison may appreciate that the firemen's lot has been one of almost unrelieved boredom and monotony for months. Some of them tell us they are getting quite expert at floor-scrubbing, window-cleaning, sweeping and dusting.

But they want to do more than that. And we want to know why they haven't yet been provided with simple war work during their long hours of duty.

Shocking

Just to shock Mr. Morrison, we'd like to take him to a firemen's billet at a Thames wharf. It's a street air raid shelter dumped on the river bank, so damp that it must be constantly heated.

It is wired for electric heating, but the heaters cannot be worked. So the men rely on oil stoves that, burning a mixture of oil and petrol, nearly choke them with the fumes.

Only ventilation is through the door—which has to be kept closed because of the strong winds that blow down river.

Plenty of Fish

Lord Woolton will be glad to hear that fish isn't as scarce as he thought. At least one wholesaler has so much that he's advertising "minimum quantities" of fifty-six pounds available to "canteens, etc."

It may be good policy to see that war workers can get all they want at canteens. But the very young, the old, the sick and the infirm should surely be given a share.

Food or Flowers!

Incidentally, Lord Woolton would have more food to distribute if Cornish growers were made to restrict their flower crops.

Unfortunately, they find it more profitable to produce anemones and violets than corn and potatoes. Sums up to £10 are offered to motorists to take their blooms to Covent Garden—and one grower himself made three trips to London in a recent week.

Hard to Burn

In Cornwall, in other rural districts too, people have to use coal for cooking as well as heating. They complain that they just can't use the "rubbish" sold to them at 4s. a hundredweight.

Local fuel officers should probe the allegation that the good coal is sometimes being diverted to big houses.

Football by Lorry

An allegation to make seamen hopping mad is that thirty soldiers were taken ninety miles in two lorries to watch a football match—and two other lorries were used for the teams.

Would the War Office like details?—JOHN BULL will supply them.

Justice Prevails

Sir Walter Womersley earns our thanks by rectifying the absurd difference between the pension rate for total deafness sustained in the last war and the pension rate for this war.

The absurdity was first exposed in these columns

Long Struggle

There's something else Sir Walter should do.

A soldier, in a town strange to him, fell into an unfenced river in the black-out and was drowned. That was in March, 1941. For twenty months his widow struggled to keep [illegible] children on 27s. a week.

Then she wrote to [illegible] it. And we gained [illegible]

It Would be Fair

But the pension dates only from November last year

Common fairness, common-sense demand that it should have been dated from the time of the soldier's death.

Back o' Beyond

A woman factory worker writes to us on behalf of her workmates, both men and women They have to travel on an open lorry They are not provided with wellingtons. Often they arrive at work drenched to the skin—and they have no canteen to offer them a hot drink or a decent meal.

We have published such complaints before. We hope we don't have to do so again.

N.A.A.F.I. Again

Seven N.A.A.F.I. workers, including a manageress, ask us to help them. With thousands of others, they say, they work from 7.30 a.m. till 2.30 p.m., then again from 4.30 to 8.30.

If lucky, they get thirty-six hours off duty every six weeks, which may not be much use to a girl living a hundred miles from home.

Comparison

Every six months, they have seven days' leave. Servicewomen get seven days every three months.

N.A.A.F.I. girls have to pay full fare and buy their clothes. Servicewomen, of course, are provided with clothing and travel warrants.

Behind the News

- **Nazi South European espionage centre has been moved from Madrid to Lisbon, staffed by a new group of spies.**
- *Hitler has refused resignation of three leading German generals because he cannot replace them owing to heavy losses among his military leaders by death or dismissals.*
- New outbreak of unrest in Austria: Eighteen Austrians have been executed in the last three weeks.
- **Anti-Jewish legislation in Hungary, demanded by Germany, has not been passed; Hungary's Primate has denounced Nazi Balkan leaders as murderers.**
- *Ley, Nazi Labour Front Leader, now knows the meaning of war. Seventeen relatives of Nazi Ministers have been killed on the Russian front; Ley's son is the eighteenth.*
- N. Africa. More German agents have arrived in neutral Tangier to watch Allied moves.
- **Despite efforts of 1,000 technicians, 7,000 sailors and 18,000 workmen, efforts to raise the scuttled fleet at Toulon have so far failed.**
- *Mannerheim has twice refused, in six weeks, Nazi demand for Finn attacks north of Leningrad.*
- Goebbels now says that *Reichswehr* defeat in Russia is chiefly due to Stalin's use of "every modern invention on a greater scale than Germany"—a shock for Germans.
- **Flouting Geneva convention, Nazis are making Russian war prisoners work in munition factories.**
- *Japan admits need of 20,000,000 tons of shipping to exploit conquered territories. But she had only 6,000,000 before the war.*
- Italians in Balkans are so badly rattled that applications to be invalided out of the army have increased by nearly 500 per cent. in the last three months.

WOMAN'S OTHER WAR

IT is just twenty-five years since women in this country were placed on a political equality with men.

The Silver Jubilee of Votes for Women comes at the height of the second world war when the conscription of both sexes is nearing its practicable limits.

Nobody here and certainly nobody in the outside world can question the greatness of the contribution our womenfolk are making to the national war effort.

Even Germany pays them tribute! The Nazi broadcasters, driven by the force of events to exhort the maximum from their own country-women, are holding ours up to them as an example of patriotic devotion.

In fact, there is no sex distinction here in national service, except in regard to combatant duties, the claims of motherhood and the relative age limits of physical fitness.

But the women's equal sacrifice is not being met with equal reward.

In the Services, in the A.R.P. organisation, and in many civilian occupations women are paid substantially less than men.

Their pensions are lower, their compensation for injury smaller, and their very subsistence rated at a lower level.

This is clearly unfair. In our opinion it is also inexpedient.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

JOHN BULL has always been, and remains, uncompromisingly in favour of equal pay for equal work. We go the whole hog about this. And we shall not be satisfied until British women obtain strictly equal citizenship, economically as well as politically.

The women of the Soviets work and serve side by side with the men. They expect no privileges because they are denied no rights.

When some of these star workers visited this country recently, they paid generous tribute to our girls in the Forces and the factories. But they were shocked to find that we so often rate the value of a woman's work at less than a man's.

To them, sex discrimination seems senseless and out of date. Without "preaching Bolshevism" or even wishing to base our economy upon the Russian model, we agree in this general judgment.

So does the T.U.C., which speaks for all organised British Labour. It has accepted the principle of the rate for the job, and in two great unions at least, wages are now being paid on this basis.

It cannot be said that public opinion generally has moved quite so far, but that it is moving in the direction of full equality is beyond question.

Sir William Beveridge, giving evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, said he believed British social insurance schemes were almost unique in making a sex differentiation.

PROVIDED compensation were based upon subsistence needs, he said, it would not be possible to justify any difference between the rates for single men and women if more than, perhaps, sixpence or a shilling a week on 1938 prices.

That trifling difference could be accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that men, having bigger bodies to nourish, may need rather more food. In every other respect the bare necessities of life must cost a woman just as much as they cost a man.

But we do not pay them the same or anything like it.

The difference between the compensation rates for a bachelor and a single woman is not a shilling a week, but a shilling a day. What possible excuse can there be for that?

Sir William Beveridge, commenting further on the general question of social insurance payments, found it almost impossible to justify any differentiation between the sexes in respect of people not gainfully employed.

But he felt that, if the flat rate for women who *are* gainfully employed were put to the flat rate for men, this might come very near to the women's level of earning and, on the whole, he thought this would be undesirable.

Here we come to the crux of the whole problem—the basic assumption in our economic system that a woman's work is in itself of less value than a man's even though she may be doing exactly the same job.

And, as Mr. Attlee has pointed out in the House, so long as the Government continues to correlate compensation and pensions with average earnings, just so long must it continue to make a distinction.

We maintain that the last word in the so-called sex war will never be spoken and can never be spoken until men and women are paid equally for equal work.

Now it is important to note that, where there has been unrestricted competition women have not had to ask for equality; they have won it.

The other day the B.B.C. engaged a women's orchestra. Did it expect to hire these artistes more cheaply because of their sex? Not at all! The orchestra was engaged on its merits and its "box-office" value.

Similarly, equality prevails in most professions. The actress and the actor, the man doctor and the woman doctor, the artist and the author are all paid the value of the work they do.

In executive positions, too, whatever differentiation there used to be is fast disappearing. It would be regarded as monstrous to pay a woman company director less than her male colleagues.

Nevertheless, as Miss Caroline Haslett, chairman of the British Federation of Business and Professional Women, recently pointed out—also to the Select Committee of the House of Commons—this equality has no official recognition.

Yet, if a woman loses her business by enemy bombing, she can claim compensation just as though she were a man; but if she loses a limb, she has to accept considerably less!

There is neither logic nor justice in this distinction.

EVERY man who wants to protect his own standard of living is a fool to seek wage discrimination in his favour against his potential women competitors.

Why? Because the mere existence of any class of cheap labour *must* depress the labour market and because, if woman's work is rated more cheaply than man's, employers are certain, other things being equal, to employ women rather than men after the war.

Boiled down to its last honest meaning, snobbery and prejudice and ancient custom are all that is left of the ancient argument in favour of economic sex differentiation.

So we advocate a strict equality of wages and salaries in every profession and industrial occupation, and uniform compensation.

In fact, we assert that the time has come to treat all men and all women alike on the basis of their strictly equal citizenship.

Quite apart from wages and salaries, there would be many readjustments to make in our scale of social values once this basic equality of citizenship were admitted.

For instance, and obviously, there would be no further ground for argument in regard to the nationality of a British-born woman who happened to marry an alien. She would remain British no matter whom she married.

JOHN BULL takes its firm stand on this question, not on the score of convenience or economy, but on that of plain justice.

And there could be no finer way of celebrating the Silver Jubilee of Votes for Women than by giving our wives and sisters and mothers the substance of economic equality in addition to the shadow of political equality which was accorded to them twenty-five years ago.

Booms are as Dangerous as Slumps

NOT every scheme for post-war reform will seize the nation's imagination as Sir William Beveridge's Report.

But one propounded by a big and enlightened industrial enterprise — Lever Bros. and Unilever, Ltd.—will earn world interest.

Whether or not its main aims are considered desirable or realisable, it does destroy the dangerous idea that slumps are inevitable.

★ ★ ★

Briefly, it tells us that to abolish slumps you must abolish booms.

But how to smooth out these rises and falls?

"*Beveridge reforms, when they come, will help.*" Agreed. A nucleus of spending will always yield a nucleus of production.

Then we move to more controversial ground:

"*International measures to stabilise raw material prices.*"

Yes, countries will want a fair deal with raw materials "when each is encouraged to produce what it is best suited to produce."

But what sort of international control? "International councils . . . with permanent international secretariats in which the various governments will have to be permanently represented," says one chapter

Just *represented*, mark you!

One sentence makes it clear that "direct Government control of production beyond the period of acute shortage of materials after the war "would be unwelcome."

To the country? We doubt it!

Again: *National measures to control the rate of capital investment.*

Time and again the scheme blames speculation for booms and slumps. Several times it says: Irregularity of capital investment is the real cause of unemployment.

This is admirable candour.

★ ★ ★

Next: Public works of a special nature. Certainly—although economaniacs will oppose.

We are told that taxation being higher during depression, the individual pays more tax when his earnings are down.

There is suggested a tax on capital expansion (*i.e.*, a discouragement from buying) during boom expansion, with some help to those who incur capital expenditure in bad times.

Unemployment figures should tell the State when to act.

A fall might mean the Government putting the brake on production by slowing down its own investments and, if necessary, encouraging private investments.

An increase would call for increased production.

That big business executives should so honestly pick holes in the old "system," and lay much of the blame for unemployment so frankly at its door, shows we have gone a long way.

But have we gone far enough? Does this plan go far enough? That's the important point.

MAURICE FAGENCE

OPEN LETTERS

Most Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE, Archbishop of Canterbury

YOUR GRACE,—I do not believe that our senses have been blunted by horror. I do not believe the people of this country are unwilling that a finger should be lifted to save millions from barbarous and tortured death.

But the people have delegated their power to the Government. And the Government must be held responsible for any failure to act.

What has the Government done to stop the massacre of the Jews?

It has solemnly expressed its horror. It has declared that the mass murderers shall be punished when victory is ours.

Meanwhile, the murders continue on such a scale as to dwarf the worst excesses of the Roman emperors and the fanatical persecutions of the Dark Ages.

Day by day machine-guns rattle their swift message of death in the ghettoes of Poland. Day after day men and women and children of Central Europe are herded into cattle trucks to freeze and suffocate on the long journey to a strange land where those who have survived are stripped, mocked and shot.

The number of victims must eventually reach six millions if Hitler pursues his fanatical threat to "rid Europe" of the Jews.

In the name of the bishops of England and Wales, you urge the Government to take instant measures to dam this blood bath.

You ask for consultation with other Governments. You plead that a sanctuary shall be found for all Jews who can escape from Axis lands.

Five weeks have passed since I made an identical appeal. I suggested that the neutrals—Sweden, Turkey and Switzerland—should be asked to negotiate on our behalf. I gave reasons for hope that Hitler would allow many Jews to reach safety.

Five weeks. Five weeks of massacre. Dare the Government wait another five weeks before it moves to the rescue of the innocent condemned?—JOHN BULL.

His voice, raised in horror at the Nazis' cold-blooded bestiality, also calls the Government to action. Six million people may perish unless the answer comes swiftly and boldly

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—Twenty pounds is offered in a newspaper advertisement for information leading to possession of a small house near Kidderminster.

That, better than a hundred letters, proves how acute the housing shortage has become.

"Key-money" is being demanded for small houses to rent, as an M.P. has declared—even though the practice is illegal in most cases and may be punished by a fine of £100.

War time rent regulations are being evaded. There is grotesque profiteering in both furnished and unfurnished property.

The shortage that results in these evils cannot be ended by a stroke of the pen. I realise that.

But I am not satisfied that the authorities are doing all in their power to alleviate it.

Billeting officers seem to have gone to sleep in many districts. Big houses that could house many transferred war workers are treated as sacrosanct. Few profiteers and "key-money" sharks are prosecuted.

Please remind local authorities of their duty!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. F. C. CROOKSHANK, M.P., Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—You have a chance to shine in your new Department—by ending the worst disgrace of State employment.

Sub-postmasters have always been underpaid. Now, because war conditions have increased their work, they are frankly sweated.

Their hours are from 8.45 a.m. till 7 p.m. on weekdays, 9 till 10.30 a.m. on Sundays.

They have no holidays No holiday relief. No sick pay. No pension.

And the sub-postmaster of quite a busy office receives £128 a year—including war bonus and Christmas allowance.

He gets no provision for an assistant's wages. He must make good all counter losses from his own pocket.

He must provide the office premises and pay rent and rates on them. He must provide fuel, light, pens and blotting-paper.

He must know all about the complex war time rules, fill in hundreds of certificates, be conversant with pension problems and international regulations.

Money streams through his hands. One man I know, earning the sum I have mentioned, handled nearly £3,000 in a War Weapons Week.

There are men in smaller offices whose salary is reckoned not in pounds, but in shillings, a week.

They are, I submit, all worthy of your attention. Without them the nation's business would be hampered and probably made impossible.

But the treatment they receive is a reproach to the nation and a slur on the Post Office.—JOHN BULL.

GENERAL FRANCO, Dictator of Spain

DEAR GENERAL,—More and more in the coming weeks, we must presume, Hitler will realise the need for bases in Spain and the Balearics. He will increase his efforts to force you into the Axis.

There have been reports that your diplomats in London have been burning their papers—the last job to be done in an embassy before a state of war is declared.

Moreover, Spanish intervention in this war has been admitted for the first time.

The sympathies of your Government have always been clear enough. Your Ministers have expressed their admiration for the Axis. Your newspapers and radio have vilified us. You yourself recently telegraphed to Hitler this message: "May your arms triumph."

Now it is officially announced that the Spanish soldiers fighting against the Russians are no longer to be described as "volunteers," but recognised as part of the Spanish Regular Army.

But I do not think it at all certain that you are about to enter the war against us. Indeed, I think the chances of that development are receding.

I am sure you do not want to be on the losing side. Very recent political and military events in Africa will no doubt have caused you to ponder.

And we in Britain will watch Spanish moves with much interest but without undue trepidation.—JOHN BULL.

LORD LATHAM, Leader of the London County Council

MY LORD,—Deans and headmasters are buzzing as angrily as hornets. They will never forgive the L.C.C. for refusing to give evidence to a committee now studying the future of public schools. They will never forget the L.C.C.'s description of public schools as "educationally undesirable."

Even I think the phrase mistaken. Many public schools have a very high educational standard.

You meant, I imagine, "socially undesirable." And that they will remain until their doors are opened to bright but poor boys.—JOHN BULL.

These Selfish Husbands

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

A RECENT article of mine on women voters prompted an East Yorkshire housewife to write:

"Yes, women have the vote, but have no laws giving them a right to their husband's wages. So many are forced to live in poor homes because, even if they could get decent ones, they have not the means to furnish (and garnish) them.

★ ★ ★

"The bigger wages of the labourers and navvies and farm workers do not go to their wives.

"For so many years they have lived on so much dole and means test that the wages now have gone to the men's heads.

"Income-tax papers are giving them a shock now—and, of course, it is to be deducted from the wives' weekly money.

"Then, how can women stop the men getting subs?

"For instance, my husband (and a few more) gets from £5 to £7 a week, and lodging allowance on top of that. I receive from him £2 to £2 10s. a week. Now he is prepared to keep it at £2 a week to allow for income-tax deductions.

"He knows I brought a family of seven up on about £2 a week, so thinks I am lucky in what he gives me, since I am by myself.

"He doesn't save, subs on Saturdays and Tuesdays, is sixty-three, doesn't give me anything for our two prisoner-of-war sons' parcels.

"Many women can say the same—and we can't go to court for insufficient support as £2 is the maximum in court for working people."

"P.S.—I've had thirty-four homes in thirty-three years!"

I am no moralist so far as a man's earnings are concerned. But there's no doubt that the share-out of the wages causes more domestic strife than any other factor.

All men are not as selfish as the Yorkshirewoman suggests. And all wives are not so ill-treated or long suffering as she.

Some men—those weak, timorous creatures who are afraid of their wives, afraid of themselves, afraid of spending—get a dole from their wives.

They speak in terms of false admiration about "the little woman being a good manager." If urgency demands an extra ten shillings or a pound they have to ask for the money and tell why it is wanted.

★ ★ ★

Money—and the love of money—promote constant domestic strife. The husband develops an inferiority complex. He sees other men free to act as men, free to go to their clubs and their pubs, free to spend a few shillings whenever the fancy takes them.

Economic fetters forged by the mean, money-grabbing wives and by the weak fears of the husbands bind their homes in chains of financial misery. And how richly do those poor mam[illegible] shippers deserve their lo[illegible]

Many women would have [illegible] but content[illegible] for a husband so spineless that he surrendered [illegible] vestige of claim to his earnings.

Some wives bleed their husbands, shackle them with bonds [illegible] economic despair. Some wa[illegible] extravagant and vain, and inflict to handle money.

I am not holding a brief for the men who spend the greater part of their wages on themselves. Nor am I defending the women who want to pull all the domestic purse strings.

★ ★ ★

The labourer, worthy of his hire, sweats and toils. He is entitled to his pint of ale and his fags or 'baccy.

And I would take a poor view of the man who did not ensure that he got those fundamental rights.

That he is entitled to live in comparative ease while his wife goes short is another matter.

It would be absurd to lay down hard-and-fast rules on domestic finance. Some people are content with little money; others are for ever grasping for it.

But I should imagine that if a husband meets all bills, keeps clear of debt and makes his wife a personal allowance, his income is nobody's business but his own—and the tax collector.

Looking at myself objectively—if such were possible—I would describe myself as biased. Because I fear that, like the majority of men, I am selfish so far as the spending of my income is concerned.

Devil-May-Care Dick Watson

★ BEHIND THE SCENES OF WAR ARE HUSH-HUSH HEROES, MYSTERIOUS MODERN COUNTERPARTS OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. LEST THE NEWS SHOULD HELP HITLER, THEIR STORIES COULD NOT BE TOLD TILL NOW. THE BEST YARNS HAVE BEEN PICKED OUT FOR THIS NEW SAGA OF DARING AND COURAGE.

HUSH-HUSH HEROES. I.
By
HAROLD A. ALBERT

RIGHT now he may be in Tunisia. Or flying the Atlantic.

Or hurtling a 'plane that's still on the secret list along a ferry route which—if the West African air route was a surprise to Hitler—will be a nasty shock for Hirohito.

Already, even among those in the know, the real truth about Richard Cunningham Watson is being shrouded in legend.

He has won no medals, no mentions in dispatches.

Yet all official Cairo has been quietly talking about some of his rush jobs with American bombers.

Remember how Lawrence of Arabia joined the R.A.F. as an ordinary aircraftsman?

"Devil-May-Care Dick" went to the recruiting office a month after the outbreak of war and enlisted as an A.C.2 aero engine mechanic.

If it wasn't for all the hush-hush, he'd be certain proof that you can't keep a good man grounded.

Six Picked Men

Down in Wall Street, an official of the British Purchasing Commission 'phoned Trenton flying school for six picked men for a special course.

Dick was one of the six. All he knew at the start was that the course was something to do with geography—and flying over territory white men had never seen.

The preliminary tests were so arduous that the other five failed.

Only Dick followed through.

Yet his name wasn't mentioned when, a few weeks ago, the Air Ministry revealed the existence of the great equatorial skyway by which thousands of British and American 'planes have been delivered to Middle East Command.

The hush-hush still held!

In the cockpit of a giant Liberator, Dick heard the bulletin—and his grey eyes glimmered.

He knew all about the route.

He had pioneered it.

Two years ago, after finishing his course and flying the Atlantic, he stood in the ooze of a Gold Coast mudflat and stared at three giant packing cases.

"There's your first 'plane!" they told him.

"I'll fly it to Cairo to-night," he promised.

Using Anything

The engineers shook their heads. They were up against so many delays in supplies that they were using packing-crate nails for split-pins and packing oil pipeline joints with sheets of brown paper.

Housed temporarily in mud-huts, some of the ground staff had gone down with dysentery.

But Cairo needed those airplanes!

Dick was pre-toughened. He took his coat off. The 'plane was factory-fresh. As the parts were unpacked, natives actually waited for the crates to help build the aerodrome!

The unfinished runway ended in palm scrub and mangrove swamp. Clearance was a four-day job. Dick couldn't be as quick as he wanted. But he took off next morning, just feathering the swampland.

Six thousand miles of virgin bush, desert and jungle lay ahead.

No friendly radio beams mapped the pathway. No "met" reports charted the weather. The ground maps showed blank spaces of uncharted area.

Eight tornadoes had swept the ground station in four weeks. There wasn't even a hope of good weather.

"Devil-May-Care" faced the unknown.

Not since the days of Hawker and Hinkler had a man flown so hazardously.

Soon he passed beyond the spaces in the jungle green where thousands of natives were hacking out emergency landing grounds.

The green gave way to sand dunes and black volcanic mountains, scored by seons of sandstorms. At one point Dick hedge-hopped over lions and elephants.

Nobody was quite sure how the route would work. To this day the difficulties are enormous.

"Devil-May-Care" saw it through. Soon he was sweeping the equator with two or three convoys a week.

Hurricanes to Tomahawks, at least 1,000 aircraft have since reached Alexander in this fashion.

Nightmare Trek

Dick knows it hasn't been easy.

Sometimes, in the early days, only home-made groundnut oil was available for the hydraulics. Toilet paper had to be used for the oil filters.

Dick knows what it is to bale out—and crack both knees and an arm in landing. But he kept on flying.

Once he ran into a Saharan sandstorm so bad that it broke up his convoy—a big bomber and two fighter escorts.

All three were forced down.

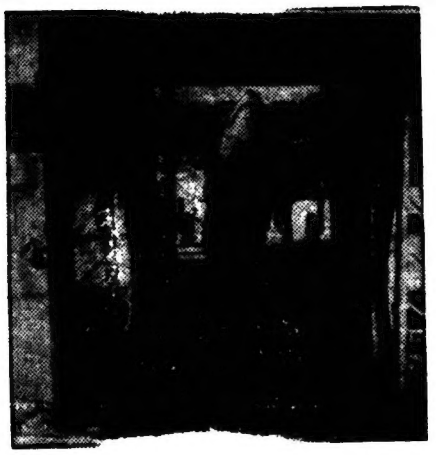
Leaving his companions to guard the 'planes, Dick set out to walk to a railway line he had seen 127 miles behind him.

He had emergency rations and two quarts of water.

He lost his way. Flies buzzed round him in thousands. He slogged off, continually duped by desert mirages.

His water gave out. Drinking the seepage from the bed of a dried-up stream gave him typhoid fever.

All Nigeria's voodoo that night came to the aid of the R.A.F. The devil drums spoke—were translated—and over the trapped convoy a rescue 'plane soon dropped food.



His just ... ines packing cases, was dumped on a Gold Coast mud flat. "I'll fly it to Cairo to-night," he promised.

Semi-delirious and exhausted, crazed by the burning heat, he was lost in the desert for twelve days before he sighted a native compound shaded by palm-trees.

This time there was no deception.

Dick lost consciousness—came round with a monotonous tattoo thudding his ears.

The devil drums were talking. From the desert fringe across leagues of uninhabited scrubland

By signs Devil-May-Care" told the native chief of his pals in the desert—but the chief knew already!

Dick rallied from his fever.

Not until he had led a repair crew back to the spot where the 'planes lay crippled and had himself flown the bomber on to delivery point did he speak of his suffering.

Jammed ... Glide

At one point in the route there is a forest where landing would be impossible if anything went wrong.

In perfect weather one night Dick turned the controls over to his co-pilot and settled back in his seat for his quota of sleep.

Then all four engines packed up!

With the 'plane jammed in a glide, Dick checked all the instruments, fuel supply.

Nothing seemed to be wrong. In desperation he tried the propeller-pitch levers. The engines roared into power.

What had happened? The pilot's master prop-control was a small toggle switch alongside the arm of his seat. Dozing off, Dick's arm had dropped and knocked the switch to opposite pitch.

The sudden load put on the engines at the low power of long-range cruising was too much and they quit

Needless to say, the toggle switch has been re-located

Dick still ferries bombers. Sometimes, when he lands 'em, he dives straight into dungarees and checks tiny faults.

Few people know who he is. For a time he didn't even wear his wings, but kept them tucked away in a box.

The first Canadian Air Force flyer to see action in Africa, he was technically on loan to the R.A.F. when both forces simultaneously promoted him. Official records had not kept pace with his movements.

Nor do they to-day. Are your ears burning, Hitler?

Write to "John Bull" About it

How Magnetic Mines were First Tackled

MANY people will remember getting a crick in the neck two years ago from gazing at a queer aeroplane that looked more like a hoop with wings than anything else.

It was a flying minesweeper

Publication, in "Coastal Command," of a picture of one of these planes, with the statement that they were used for dealing with magnetic mines, makes it possible to reveal some interesting details of their work.

★ ★ ★

They were a product of the R.A.F. Experimental Establishment, to whom the Directorate of Torpedoes and Mines appealed, late in 1940, for an aerial solution of the problem of the magnetic mine

So a Wellington bomber was stripped of some of its operational equipment.

Into it was built a Ford V8 motor driving an electric generator, and the electricity was used to create magnetic fields radiating from iron hoops, the biggest of which was 48 ft. in diameter!

It worked.

But it was no joy-ride for the pilots!

They had to fly the machine as low as 60 ft. over the sea in order to explode the mines, and the result was invariably a severe jolt for the crews.

Not only that, but the tails of the Wellingtons were often hit by the rising fountain of water heaved up by the explosion.

And they were the very devil to handle!

★ ★ ★

Apart from anything else, they needed a take-off run of well over a mile and landing them made even the most hardened pilot shudder.

When they got them in the air the pilots found that stability and control, to put it mildly, left much to be desired.

Added to which, the fumes from the generator motor could not be kept out of the fuselage, which meant more unpleasantness for the crew

But they did their job, and did it well. They filled that vital gap between the sowing of the magnetic mines by the Germans and the fitting of de-gaussing gear to our vessels—and they saved many ships and countless lives

Oddly enough, too, in spite of all the difficulties and dangers, not one flying minesweeper was lost

After their period of usefulness around the coasts of Britain had ended, the flying minesweepers were transferred to the Suez Canal.

★ ★ ★

There, for nearly two years, they dealt faithfully with the magnetic eggs laid there by such pilots of the Italian Air Force as could be persuaded to do the job!

Now the flying minesweepers are out of operational service.

But their quick production and instant service at a time of great peril will always be recognised as one of the outstanding technical accomplishments of the war

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ *How do the German people feel inside the ring of fire and steel which the United Nations are drawing around them? How will they react to drastic new laws to squeeze the last ounce out of them for the final stand?*

How Will German People Take It?

NEVER before in the ten years' history of Nazism has such an avalanche of bad news descended on them.

To-day, after many weeks of deceptive propaganda, they know that the bloody battles of the German summer offensive have been in vain and that the territories conquered by the Wehrmacht are being wrested from their grip.

Even Invasion

Their official spokesmen have for the first time mentioned the possibility of an invasion of Germany.

If they look at the map they can see the Russian armies approaching the borders of the Baltic countries in the north, thrusting towards the Crimea and the Ukraine in the south.

No secret has been made of the fact that a vast Anglo-American army is ready in Britain to descend on the Continent when their leaders give the order.

Axis African dreams have exploded together with the myth of Rommel's invincibility.

Grimmer Every Day

The debit account which official German statements now frankly reveal grows grimmer every day.

True, Nazi propaganda still tries to sugar the bitter pills which the German people must swallow.

They are being told that even after Rommel's defeat and retreat occupation of Tunisia has actually improved the strategic position of the Axis.

Ingeniously the bad news from Russia is juggled to explain what great advantages German strategy will derive from an organised shortening of the lines.

As the ring around Germany grows smaller, it is suggested, the ranks of the Wehrmacht are closing and forming an impenetrable bulwark, behind which the people of Hitler's Reich can safely work and prepare for the offensive to be resumed.

If the news from Russia is too bad Nazi headlines quickly scream about the gigantic successes of the German U-boat campaign, about hunger and despair in Britain.

If bombs rain on German towns reprisal raids are described as devastating.

Look Back!

And when there seems to be no ray of sunshine on the clouded German horizon, history—ancient and recent—is invoked to show that Germany has always triumphantly and victoriously emerged from the deepest crisis.

Did not Frederic the Great, asks Goebbels, face disaster before he won through? Wasn't the Nazi Party very nearly on the rocks ten years ago, and yet Hitler assumed supreme power in Germany a few months later?

Did the Wehrmacht not retreat in Russia last winter and nevertheless resume a powerful offensive in the summer?

The whole weight of the propaganda machine is brought to bear on the German people, and leading Nazis don't hide the purpose of this barrage.

It is to prevent another 1918, to convince the German people and the world that "Germany will never capitulate."

The disillusionment of these Germans captured in Russia is spreading to their homeland

And to the superficial observer it may look as if this new technique must be successful.

He will compare the military position of Germany now with that of Britain in 1940, and, of course, expect the German people to gather strength in adversity, to show a spirit in defeat such as Britain did after Dunkirk.

Beginning to Think

But a careful reading of the news from Germany raises doubts about this comparison, doubts which even the most ardent Nazis seem to share.

The German people, in spite of Goebbels' endeavours, are beginning to think.

For the first time many are asking questions — very unpleasant questions

"Was it wise," they ask according to official admissions, "to advance so far?"

"Is it good strategy," they want to know, "to fight in such distant territories?"

And, "What are we getting out of it, anyway?"

Such questions, for the first time, assail the authority of Hitler as a military leader. After finding out Goering, who promised them no enemy "plane would cross German territory," the revelation of Hitler's mistake will shock their morale.

Even those Germans who don't delve too deeply into the strategic issues are feeling the pressure of defeat.

Their sons are dying and freezing to death once more on the steppes of Russia.

When Britain faced supreme danger in 1940 her losses were comparatively small, war had not yet demanded many sacrifices from the people.

Germany faces her crisis when she is already weakened by much loss of blood, exhausted by almost superhuman efforts to build up the greatest war machine in history.

Utmost Sacrifice

Goebbels' propaganda takes careful account of the fact that the German temperament cannot really be compared with that of the British people.

He knows that their militaristic spirit will make them face the utmost sacrifice if their sufferings are rewarded by victory and conquest.

But he also knows that Germans are liable to be despondent in adversity.

And he has to fall back on FEAR as the last stimulant.

He paints a fate for the German people in defeat which not only involves the ruin of the nation, but disaster for every single German left living.

That, as everyone outside Germany knows, is one of the biggest of Goebbels' lies, but we must face realistically the powerful use Hitler and his gang may be able to make of it.

It may enable them to extract a supreme effort from the German people.

WILLIE FRISCHAUER.

WORDS

★ *The terms of peace are declared. only. But they are enough. "Uncon the first words we have spoken to H since war began. They will be the irrevocably committed. From these*

CAN we implement them? For the answ with that of February, 1941.

That was our darkest hour. The staggered humanity.

Hitler was master of Europe. Our or saved our army by the miracle of Dunkirk, b equipment lost. Our cities were in ruins.

We had escaped invasion, thanks to the B minent. We stood alone against an appare

Russia was on terms with the enemy, and as so obviously doomed that help would be

★ ★ ★

That was two years ago. What is the picture to-day? Hitler is still master of Europe. But he is enveloped by the mightiest coalition the world has ever seen.

He has brought to our side the two greatest military powers on earth, apart from his own.

For the second winter in succession his armies are perishing in the snows of Russia. From Leningrad to Stalingrad his invincible war machine is reeling from defeat to defeat.

In North Africa his ally's empire has collapsed like a house of cards, and his own armies are crushed into a tiny spit of land between the claws of the Anglo-American pincers.

HE HAS LOST THE DOMINION OF THE AIR, AND THE DESTRUCTION HE ONCE WREAKED ON BRITISH CITIES IS NOW BEING VISITED ON [illegible] IN DOUBLE AND TREBLE MEASURE.

Our naval supremacy in the Mediterranean, which the fall of France nearly destroyed, is restored, and with the capture of Tunisia will be complete.

Stalin Fooled Hitler—and Others!

IT would be easy to smash Russia, thought Hitler.

Seize her heavy industries, so near at hand in the Ukraine, and she was finished.

So he bought them with Germany's life-blood.

But soon he was whining that she was better equipped than Germany!

Something had gone wrong with Hitler's plan. What?

Joseph Stalin knew because his was the brain behind it.

And John Scott, young American engineer who went to Russia in 1931 in search of opportunities—he knew, too.

He arrived in the wild Siberian waste where Magnitogorsk, Russia's Coventry, has since grown.

★ ★ ★

Stalin, quite certain that one day some Power would try to lay his socialist state in ruins, knew Russia would have to have a new, secret industrial centre behind the Urals.

First came young enthusiasts from all over the Soviet Union.

They dammed the River Ural to supply a five-mile lake and assured a water supply.

Came criminals to do much of the heavy work. This was their penance.

They lived alone, ate alone. Their pay was small.

But they had drama circles, clubs, cinemas, lessons.

Good behaviour got them early freedom. But they went on with the work which one day was going to save Russia.

★ ★ ★

Skilled workers were now wanted. So there came peasants and herdsmen for the most part completely unfamiliar with tools and processes.

But they learned. One June it took thirty days to do a particular job. In August, twenty-eight days. In October, sixteen. In November, fourteen.

You might not think this sacrifice.

But the winters were as cruel as anything the German armies have known.

Men erecting the high steel buildings froze at their job, fell to their death.

You wore one suit till it disintegrated. Only a foreigner would own two pairs of boots.

You wrote your letters on old newspaper. Made your envelopes of it. Rolled your cigarettes in it—with atrocious, cheap tobacco.

Food? One rarely got enough. Came dreaded bubonic plague.

Stalin sent doctors [illegible] it.

Sometimes the wo[illegible] for their pay. Th[illegible] the money.

The job needed c[illegible] couldn't continue [illegible] rang Moscow for it.

And there was no[illegible]

The Soviet said w[illegible] be finished. They w[illegible] big st furnaces wi[illegible] works.

But there were n[illegible] couldn't be finishe[illegible] bolts.

One of the chie[illegible] tried rhetoric.

★ ★

It was difficult t[illegible] that words were usel[illegible] bolts!

All these things [illegible] mined to protect [illegible] suffer.

Have you ever [illegible] troops suffering a R[illegible]

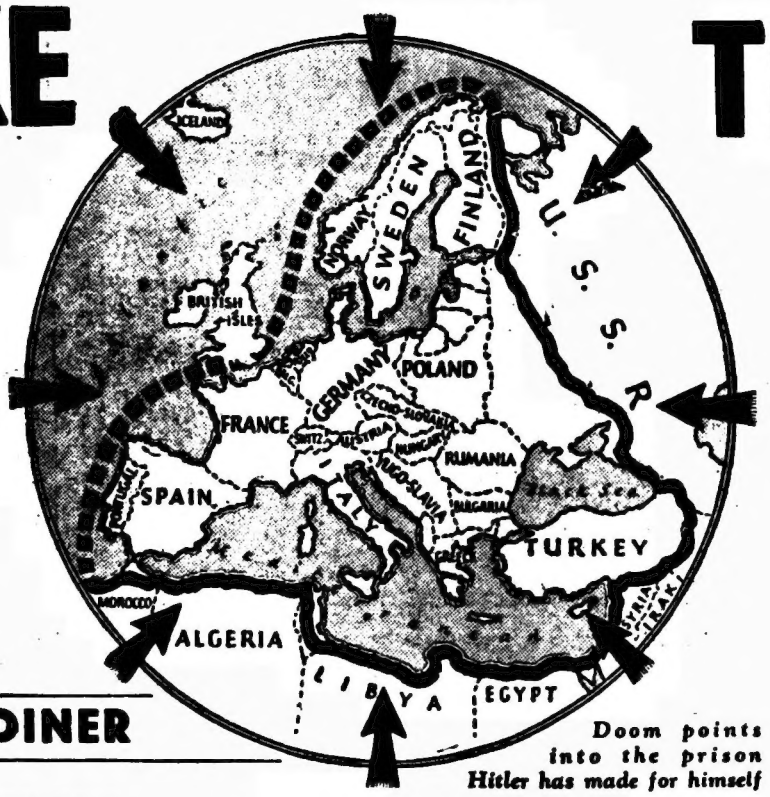
Well, Russian wor[illegible] worse as far back a[illegible] 1932-33.

No butter. No m[illegible] sugar or milk. Black[illegible] of it. And sometim[illegible]

O SHAKE THE AXIS

are declared in two words
nal Surrender." They are
and the Axis gangsters
To these terms we are
ms we shall not depart

t the outlook of the war to-day
lation of German might had
France, had fallen. We had
umbers were negligible and its
of Britain; but it was still im-
vincible power.
a friendly America regarded us



Doom points into the prison Hitler has made for himself

By A. G. GARDINER

Malta is no longer a lonely outpost, hanging to us by a thread. It is a dagger striking deadly blows at the under-belly of the foe.

THE WHOLE STRATEGIC PLAN OF HITLER'S AXIS IS WRECKED BEYOND THE POSSIBILITY OF RECOVERY. THE MIDDLE EAST WAS TO BE THE SCENE OF THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

Hitler's legions were to drive through the Caucasus into Persia. There, in a grand pincer movement, they were to join Rommel's victorious panzers sweeping up by way of the Suez and Palestine.

★ ★ ★

There, too, they would meet the legions of Tojo coming by the Indian Ocean to share in the decisive victory.

The Axis would no longer be severed. It would be united. Its parts would be able to co-operate. Its strategy and its resources would be in common.

No longer would Hitler be haunted by the fear of running short of oil or tin or rubber.

On the other hand, the framework of the United Nations would be shattered. Russia would be isolated. China would be isolated. Australia would be isolated. India would be over-run.

IT WAS A MAGNIFICENT SCHEME —ON PAPER. BUT IT HAS GONE WITH THE WIND.

Rommel's panzers have not roared in triumph over the Suez into the Middle East. They have roared in quite the other direction.

Von Kleist's legions have not poured over the Caucasus into Persia. They are fleeing, like all the rest of Hitler's hosts, before the avenging wrath of the triumphant Russians.

And as for the Japs, they are finding—as I predicted long ago they would find—that they have bitten off more than they can chew.

They are a long way off the Axis rendezvous, and I venture to predict that Tojo will never have the felicity of falling on the neck of his beloved friend Hitler in the mountains of the Middle East.

★ ★ ★

What emerges from this breakdown of the Axis strategy? It is this: that the Axis is still in two separate water-tight compartments divided by thousands of miles of land and sea.

They cannot co-operate. They cannot help each other. They can only gnash their teeth as they see their enemy functioning and co-operating as a unit of power over all the seas of the world.

AND SOMETHING ELSE EMERGES. HITLER HAS FAILED IN HIS SUPREME PURPOSE. HE HAS FAILED TO BREAK FROM HIS PRISON. HE KNOWS NOW, I THINK, THAT HE WILL NEVER BREAK FROM IT.

He has lost the initiative. He is on the defensive. He boasts that his fortress will never capitulate.

Never capitulate! This is not the sort of talk we used to hear from the bully in his blitz days. They are comfortable words for us.

But with what shivers the German people must realise from the lips of their idol that they are in prison!

It is, of course, a big prison—a formidable prison. It is a prison powerfully fortified, and if the head gaoler and his Gestapo can keep the slave nations in chains it may stand a long siege.

BUT IT IS A PRISON SEETHING WITH REBELLION, AND WHEN THE PRISONERS KNOW THAT THE DELIVERER IS HAMMERING AT ITS GATES, WHEN THEY KNOW THAT THE GANGSTERS ARE AT BAY, THERE WILL BE A ROUGH HOUSE FOR HITLER AND HIMMLER.

And the knowledge is already seeping in. Mark the happenings in Marseilles, in Norway, in the Balkans. Note that stern warning of the Swedish premier. Note the joy in Turkey at the overthrow of the hated Mussolini in Tripoli.

★ ★ ★

But the confidence which led to the Casablanca declaration of "Unconditional Surrender" does not imply that the end is near or that the road to it is without grave perils.

We are dealing with a desperate criminal who is now fighting for his life and who will stop at no infamy that will delay or ward off the inevitable doom.

Lord Halifax has warned us of the nature of those infamies against which we must be prepared.

And there are more serious dangers. The U-boat constitutes the one instrument by which Hitler still hopes to avert total defeat.

IT SHOULD BE A VAIN HOPE; BUT THE U-BOAT IS THE MOST FORMIDABLE ENEMY WE HAVE, AND IT IS UNCONQUERED. IT HAS INCREASED IN POWER, WIDENED ITS RANGE, AND IS NOW REFUELLED AT SEA, AND IT IS BEING BUILT AT A FASTER RATE THAN IT IS BEING DESTROYED.

The remedy is more cover for our ships and more terriers to hunt the rats, and we may expect that the Casablanca conference took measures which will speedily reflect a decline in this most serious menace.

There is another hope of Hitler's which has less substance in it. His two greatest blunders were in attacking Russia and in bringing America into the war.

We see to-day the price he is paying for the first. The price of the second is no less catastrophic; for America is content to hold Japan while throwing all her weight into the Western war, and Japan on her part has left the Axis in the lurch.

Frantic gestures are being made to Tojo, both from Berlin and Rome, to back up the U-boat campaign by compelling such a dispersal of our shipping that the coming attack in the West will be hamstrung for lack of transport.

But the Japs are fighting for their own hand, and they are unlikely to risk it in order to try to save Hitler's sinking ship.

The only consideration that is likely to move them is that they, too, are included in the Casablanca peace terms.

IT IS "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" FOR TOJO AS INEXORABLY AS FOR HITLER AND MUSSOLINI.

The gangsters sink or swim together. And the scare in Germany is the best proof that the enemy know which is the fate that is impending.

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bit of rock-hard candy for which they fought.

Saboteurs sentenced to five, ten, fifteen years' imprisonment, worked among them as fellow workers, although under G.P.U. surveillance.

★ ★ ★

Two, in good jobs, lived with their families in four-roomed cottages, drove their own cars, went hunting in the forests, earned 2,000 to 4,000 roubles a month. That's how harsh the Government was.

All through, men froze, hungered, died in a mass heroism almost unexampled in history.

All this John Scott tells in a remarkable new book "Behind the Urals" (Secker and Warburg, 7s. 6d. net).

We British know something of Blood, Sweat, Tears. We should know something of Russia's Blood, Sweat and Tears.

And almost with triumph Scott reveals that although Magnitogorsk never grew as fast as Moscow demanded, it grew quicker than the most optimistic foreign experts thought possible, and that, when he left, it was a city of a quarter of a million people yielding 5,000 tons of steel a day.

CATCH-PENNY RAMPS ARE ON THE INCREASE

MY postbag grows larger and more revealing every day.

In some ways I'm glad to see this; in others, sorry.

Glad because more people are now taking advantage of JOHN BULL'S unique Free Advice Service by seeking guidance about unusual propositions before parting with money.

Sorry, because far too many readers still write *after* their fingers have been burned.

There has been a remarkable increase in rackets and ramps of all kinds.

An extraordinarily large number of postal adventurers make big money out of superstitious people. Although individual sums are small, their bait reaches all parts of the country and therefore their total income is very considerable.

"War Prophecies for 1943," runs a recent advertisement. "Just post your name, address, and birth date, with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and Paper Costs, to Ra Kastraka, M.I.A.P.S., Dept. C.1, St. Mary's Chambers, Strand, London, W.C.2."

This imposing letter-heading is all part of the lure for the unwary

People who respond receive a printed and stereotyped farrago of nonsense which is scandalous waste of good paper.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

All Duplicated

Numerous illustrations and mystic signs with four photographs of the bearded Ra Kastraka himself adorn this literature, some of which, despite its obvious preparation on a duplicating machine, is supposed to be specially dictated by him for each client!

It deals, in language specially chosen for more gullible clients, with what are termed "trial readings," "delineations of your Life's destiny," "life plans," and so on, and winds up by offering a complete reading for fees which range from £1 downwards.

How much money Ra Kastraka, who is also known as "Professor Kastraka," receives from all sources I do not know, but I have discovered that his post at St. Mary's Chambers often comprises 150 letters a day.

Judging from the elaborate letter headings employed one is led to believe that the "Professor" has commodious offices there.

"Ra Kastraka" is very rarely there, and his post is merely collected, at tri-weekly intervals, by a messenger.

The Man Behind It

In reality, there is no "Professor" Ra Kastraka.

The degree of "M.I.A.P.S.," like his "Dept. C.1," is mythical so far as this country is concerned anyway

This fee-snatching and prosperous business used to be run from an office in Rue Caumartin, Paris, by a man named Rodney, who brought it over to this country when France fell.

It is certainly time official means were found to curb such a dangerous ramp.

Then there is the Novelty Company, Station Parade, Ealing Common, London, W.5, whose advertisements offer "Novelty Fun Cards" for a small payment. They are utter rubbish.

But, with them, comes an offer (and much valuable paper is used to push it) of "real luck" for all patrons who send 2s. 6d. to the Ealing address.

This additional half-a-crown entitles senders to what is called the Mystic Lucky Emblem, a "real gold-plated twelve-pointed Star, that gives you twelve wishes under the Zodiac Signs of the Year."

Another eminent—but unnamed!—professor is said to be concerned with this, and so the Novelty Company offers a true-reading horoscope by him that will "overcome difficulties hitherto unavoidable and open up the way to a smoother and happier future."

So Charming!

How can people fall for such balderdash? But they do, and in great numbers, for I find that the man behind this venture has been selling this same charm for years from various addresses!

He now has the impertinence to tell people that if they distribute five requests for the lucky charm to five friends, and every purchaser does the same, they will each get a cheque for £156 5s. when 3,125 friends have bought a charm!

Has any of my readers, I wonder, been a lucky winner of £156 5s.?

The man behind this and other catch-penny offers is William Kates Furniss, who has been criticised by me before in connection with other hole-in-the-corner businesses.

At the very outset of the war I took the view that all dubious mail order advertising should be stopped. But masses of good paper are still used to extol the alleged golden opportunities for spare-time work at home, and big sums are obtained from victims by promises of rich earnings which rarely materialise.

One of the "Aces"

Leslie Archibald Spikesman, ace of them, has been flourishing for years, and was recently operating from several addresses in South London. Others, who are also experts at the game, operate from changing addresses in various parts of the country.

Then there are people who advertise special facilities for marketing inventions. In wartime, especially, countless people fancy they have invented some world-shaking device for which proper official recognition cannot be obtained.

Many are quite reputable, but some make extravagant claims which are not justified.

Other unknown advertisers offer attractive goods or services and request money in advance.

All leading trade organisations — and particularly the Advertising Association, which works hard to suppress all undesirable advertisements—are strongly opposed to this.

Yearly a large number of offenders, who only stay for brief periods in one town after another, make large sums from such advance payments and then disappear.

Only last week my representative found that a man advertising for money in advance with order was operating from an empty shop at which he called for letters.

Doorstep Pests

He was unknown in the district and there was no guarantee that he might not disappear when it suited him to do so.

Apart from postal rackets, many house-to-house ramps are still prevalent.

"Remember the Blind Want Work" runs a printed leaflet dropped through letter-boxes just prior to a call from a canvasser. "Orders taken. Blind Made Goods. Support Blind Workers."

One reader, who was induced to pay 11s. 6d. for a brush, realised after her visitor had departed that there was no address on the leaflet to show where or what the society concerned really was, and that no proof was available anywhere that the brush she purchased was really made by a blind person.

Don't buy anything from hawkers who operate in this way, unless they can show that they really represent a genuine institution. All reputable charities make a point of stamping their goods appropriately to show the sales are genuine.

And if you possess vacuum cleaners, electric washing machines, irons, radiators and the like, be on your guard against talkative callers who, suggesting they are employed by the local Council or are from a Government Department, seek to get hold of such articles by a clever subterfuge.

It is only another ingenious way of trying to get articles saleable at enhanced prices in certain markets.

Final Warning

In conclusion, one very special word of warning for housewives.

If a man with a neatly tied parcel, and who is attired as a carman, calls and asks by name for your husband when he is out, do not oblige by signing in his absence for a parcel he is supposed to have ordered.

If you do, you may find that you have been induced to buy the contents "as ordered" by instalments.

Remember one thing, always!

The JOHN BULL Free Advice Service is available for you at all times.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

"The Watcher," Canvey Island, Essex, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information. He likes to remain anonymous, and certainly lives up to his nom-de-plume!

Letters are welcomed about any ramp or scandal needing inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WILL MADAME CHIANG COME HERE?

● Madame Chiang Kai-shek should have been invited to London immediately her plan to visit the United States was known.

Were she the guest of the King and Queen—and as the wife of the head of a great Ally she would certainly stay at the Palace—she would also be, in their minds at least, the guest of all the people of Britain.

Her share in building up a new world has been greater than that of any other woman. She is more than a wife; she has long been the inspiration of a really brilliant leader of men.

As she is a Methodist, her stay here would act as a spur to all the Free Churches. Her enthusiasm over nursing and all the present-day activities of her sex would delight all our womenfolk.

HOW DOES WENDELL WILLKIE STAND?

● Wendell Willkie is one of the mystery men of the generation.

Emerging from obscurity, he put up against Roosevelt the biggest fight any man could have done. After throwing himself into war activities, he made so many speeches that it is said: "He has talked himself out of the Presidency."

In my view, he may stand, next year, either as the representative of a modernised Republican Party, or else emerge as a sort of Bull Moose candidate.

If he splits the Republicans, Roosevelt will be re-elected—if he chooses to stand. If he does not, Wallace or any other man whose claims he urges upon his Party will follow him.

IS THERE TOO MUCH OPTIMISM?

● The members of the East Barnet Council may have had reason on their side when they abandoned a plan for better street lighting.

What concerns me is their reason—"that the expense is not justified for the short remaining period of the war"!

How do we know whether it will be short or long?

Whatever may be our view—and I am an optimist—no word should be said which, to the slightest degree, encourages the idea that an early defeat of Hitler is possible.

The way in front of us, short or long, is hard. Work, instead of slacking, should become more intense.

WAS CASABLANCA A SUCCESS?

● Certainly a war plan was evolved by ourselves and the States.

Certainly there was plain speaking—and intensified co-ordination.

But where is the Master Plan?

That cannot be evolved without the complete and absolute partnership for war and for peace of the four dominant peoples in the United Nations.

If Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek could not be there, Litvinov should have been invited—and Dr. Wellington Koo could have gone from London.

There are in this great struggle four great nations, not two.

Upon their united decisions, now and when the Armistice is signed, the whole future of the world depends.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

There was never a man within miles hated as Mr. Gorby was hated

GORBY'S SHOP WINDOW

By WILL SCOTT

THEY tell you, when you're starting out in life at the age of fourteen or so, that it isn't what you sell but how you sell it. It isn't what you've got in your shop but what you've got in your shop window.

Personality, to put it another way.

Right. . . .

In Woodbarrow Green, before the war, you could get your eggs and bacon and fried prunes and all the rest of it at three places.

You could go to Smith's Stores, which had a plate-glass window and electric light and Mr. Smith. And Mr. Smith (once you were inside) would rub his hands and smile and tell you it had turned out nice again and hope your husband's cold was better.

You could go to Randall's Cosy Shop, which had a plate-glass window and electric light and Mr. Randall.

And Mr. Randall (once you were inside) would clap his hands and laugh at the top of his voice and tell you you were in for a fine spell at last and hope that Johnny's tonsils were better.

Or you could go to Gorby's Grocery. He had a piece of cardboard for ever the pane that was broken and gas-lighting and Mr. Gorby.

And Mr. Gorby (once you were inside) would sniff and sigh and shake his head at spoil things and brush dust from the counter on to the floor and tell you it looked like rain and that your cough sounded much worse to-day.

If you wanted so-and-so at Smith's Stores Mr. Smith would get it down off the shelf.

But if you wanted so-and-so at Gorby's Grocery, Mr. Gorby would sniff and say he was out of it and he didn't know when the traveller would be round again.

Scandal and shuffling and sniffing and an eye on the big black cloud and a long face always and dust on the counter and "out of this and that and never a "Thank you" as you came out; that was Mr. Gorby's line.

And there was never a man within miles hated as Mr. Gorby was hated.

SO that Mr. Smith and Mr. Randall each delivered his goods, over a wide area, in a trim little 8-h.p. van. Whereas Mr. Gorby delivered *his* goods, when he had any to deliver, on a 1914 bicycle. When it wasn't punctured.

In short, there wasn't a man, woman or child within miles who wouldn't have contributed a sixpence to Mr. Gorby's wreath and then burst into song.

But, life being what life is (whatever it is), did Mr. Gorby have the least idea that Mr. Gorby was a nasty bit of work? Mr. Gorby did not.

Mr. Gorby only knew that the rest of the community was a collective road to hell, and that Smith and Randall were roads with all the luck.

Which leads us to the wise conclusion that life isn't much of a job, having been made in a hurry with the wrong tools.

However.

The war came and business was hit for six. Mr. Smith and Mr. Randall felt a draught. And Mr. Gorby felt a hurricane.

Everybody said: "Gorby, he'll be in the workhouse in six months."

But with the war came something else. The hush-hush building was put up on the top of the hill and a hundred men came to work in it. And since the hundred men had to be fed Mr. Smith got forty-nine new customers and Mr. Randall got forty-nine new customers and Mr. Gorby got two new customers. What they did in the hush-hush building is no business of ours, but the time came when they didn't do it quickly enough and the overseer was sacked. This surprised the overseer, because he was a bit of a slave-driver and he reckoned he could get out of men more than was ever put in. Still, he went; and a most friendly soul took his place.

Six months later it was known that production was under speed just the same, and a High Hat came down from London to find out why. He even put up at the "Red Lion" for three days to go into things properly.

During those three days he bought something at Smith's Stores, and smiled when Mr. Smith smiled. He bought something at Randall's Cosy Shop and laughed when Mr. Randall laughed. He bought something at Gorby's Grocery and nearly fainted away at the mere sight of Gorby. Getting out of Gorby's Grocery as soon as he could.

But, after investigation at the hush-hush building, and a good lot of thinking things over, the High Hat went back to Gorby's Grocery and had a good long look at Gorby.

He stared at his miserable face, he listened to his sighs and his moans and his grouses and his grumbles and his scandal-mongering, and suddenly came to a decision.

"Business doesn't seem too good," said the High Hat.

"Awful," sniffed Mr. Gorby. "It's the war. No, business is bad and it's getting worse—*and* it's going to get worse yet."

"You can't be making much money here," said the High Hat.

"Losing it every hour," sighed Mr. Gorby. "*And* it looks like a thunderstorm coming up from the south-west."

"Well," said the High Hat, "how would you like to close down here and take a job up at the hush-hush place for the duration? Overseer. I can give you ten pounds a week."

"*Ten pounds a week?*" gasped Gorby.

"Starting on Saturday," said the High Hat.

AND believe it or not, Mr. Gorby started on Saturday. To everybody's astonishment. Everybody, knowing what a streak of misery he was, was astonished.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Randall, knowing what a failure he was, were astonished. But the most astonished man was the friendly soul who had taken the place of the first overseer.

He got the push, too.

In London, where they keep graphs and charts and things, as well as a finger on every pulse, they complimented the High Hat one day on the fact that the hush-hush place on the hill had beaten every record in the country.

"We must have a good lot of men there," they said.

"It isn't that," said the High Hat. "It's the new overseer I put in. *He* gets things done."

"As how?"

"Well, the first man we had was a slave-driver. He made their work such a task that they hated it. They didn't want to do it and they didn't do it.

—Human Machine—

MIX IT UP WELL

It is often stressed that man is a reasoning and a thinking animal. Anyway, he ought to be, since he has at his beck and call all the necessary machinery for these two processes.

But to balance thought and reason there is emotion, feeling, temperament.

Now temperament can be a marvellous excuse for a hundred unpleasant character traits. But it is never really more than a transparent alibi.

You must come to terms with your temperament if you are to get the best out of life. More, you must control it. At all costs you must prevent it controlling you.

You must mix it with reason—and then, if you really understand what you are about, you are on the road to success in whatever you undertake.

We tried a change. But the second man was so amiable, so nice and popular, that they were always breaking off to have a word with him and production fell. So we tried another change."

"And——?"

"Well, the present chap is the biggest streak of misery you've ever seen. They never look up from their work in case they have to look at him or listen to him.

So long as he's around they work like niggers. They hate him so much that it's a relief to have work to do, so that they can forget he lives. If you see what I mean . . ."

MR. GORBY, each Saturday, calls at the bank and then goes home. Last Saturday he said to his wife:

"Just banked another five quid, my dear. Nearly four hundred pounds we've got put by now."

He sniffed and stroked his long nose.

"Wait till this war's over and they see what we do with the savings," he said. "Then you'll see the smiles come off Smith's and Randall's faces. Wait till *I've* got plate-glass windows and electric light! *I know what brings the business!* Just you wait!"

She was a Lady—Selling Matches

"PINNY arfer duzzin," "Pinny arfer duzzin."

Only Londoners of a certain (or uncertain) age will remember this cry. It was the cry of the kerb-side match sellers who, in those happy far-off days before all the big wars, used to sell small matches at a penny for half a dozen boxes.

There was an old lady (and lady she was in the best sense) who stood in King William Street in those days. Unconsciously almost as I passed her every morning I heard her cry: "Pinny arfer duzzin."

She had a high and not unpleasant voice, and her little song was easily audible at quite a distance in spite of the traffic noises.

★ ★ ★

One morning, being young and mischievous, I imitated the cry as I moved in the crowd along the pavement. She heard it come nearer and nearer, and then get farther and farther away, but as I kept a straight face and, my pipe was in my mouth, she failed to spot me. After a few days, tiring of the joke, which was perhaps a bit pointless anyway, I revealed myself to the old lady and this started a friendship which lasted for years.

I learned a lot about the life of a street vendor, and the more I learned the more I wondered.

The pluck of them. The quiet, steady day-in-day-out pluck. Eight or nine hours a day in all weathers.

Rottenly clothed, still more rottenly shod. Standing in the gutter with the wind whistling through the poor, thin shawl, spattered with mud by the passing 'buses.

★ ★ ★

Even in good times the profits were meagre. In a spell of wet weather they almost vanished.

And yet, though we often talked of this and that, I never heard her complain. She could be sorry for anybody but herself.

One day I noticed she seemed to be standing on one foot, the other only just touching the kerb, and obviously swollen.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh that? I've 'ad that a long time. Been worse this last week. Gettin' that painful it is."

"Have you been to a doctor?"

"Yes, I went to the out-patients, Monday. A nice gentleman 'e was. Likes 'is joke, 'e does. Waddyer think 'e said?"

"I don't know. What?"

"You must rest that foot, Mother, 'e says, for three weeks, 'e says. Me. Rest my foot! 'Ow can I get my blinkin' livin' without my foot? Oh, 'e's a caution 'e is."

I discovered that the trouble was periostitis—a most painful thing to have. But nothing I could say and no bribe I could offer would persuade her to give in.

Her year was divided mentally into two parts. "Before the 'opping" and "after the 'opping." The annual visit to Kent in September for the hop-picking was her axis and round it she made her annual rotation.

"Only three months to the 'opping," she'd say about June, and the creases at the edges of her walnut face deepened at the blissful thought.

"We always go the same place. Been there twenty-four years we 'ave. Nice man 'e is. Pays good money, too."

★ ★ ★

Besides good money, the "'opping" gave her a store of good sunshine, good health and good stories, which helped to carry her through the winter.

There are tens of thousands of such women in London, normally obscure and unnoticed. They had their little share of limelight during the air raids.

Emlyn Williams sketched one in an unforgettable Sunday night postscript. They are the mothers of our Cockney soldiers. Humorous, uncomplaining, independent, unbeatable and undefeatable.

MAURICE HAMILTON.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

CPL. R. HENLEY is in a special unit, and, in a letter to his wife at Peak Hill, Sydenham, London, S.E., he gives a graphic description of war in the desert.

Our primary duty is the protection of General Montgomery, who is in the thick of the fighting, which is, of course, the only way to direct operations in this type of warfare.

Up to date our worst enemy is Jerry's armour-piercing "88 millimetre" shells, which make very little noise and buzz by like angry bees.

Sometimes you can see them ricochet-ing off the sand, and if they hit your tank there is a shower of sparks which makes you think of the Fifth of November.

At close range these shells go through three inches of steel as if it were butter.

Yet one tank we were in was hit fifteen times, including a H.E. bomb which hit our side door, but we were still able to get out before the engines seized up—and with only one casualty.

Perhaps one of the worst experiences is to hit a minefield. Gosh! it makes a terrible racket inside the tank, and the concussion raises all the dust and dirt.

You have to grope about in the gloom to see if everyone is O.K.—and then someone shouts: "What the hell was that, anyway?" as if we didn't know! Then we laugh, and that relieves the pressure.

This time the track of our tank was blown off, so we had to get out and make a dash for it, and what with Jerry having a "go," it was not too pleasant.

But don't think that we are always in the thick of it. Sometimes you get a break for a period and can catch up with some sleep, and perhaps some clean clothes.

Last night there was a wonderful sun-set as the Colonial troops were just going in to attack on foot. There was a great line of them marching into the sunset on their way to attack Jerry, and it seemed that the setting sun was covering them with glory

WRONG BOTTLE!

An amusing story of mixed drinks is told by Sgt. C. A. Thornton, serving in West Africa, in a letter to his sister-in-law at Glenham Grove, Brooks Bar, Manchester:

As you know, we take quinine daily, and it is usually brought by a servant boy at the evening meal. It is in liquid form, and usually in a gin bottle.

The other night the boy came round with a full bottle. The first tablespoon tasted different from the usual medi-cine, so I had some more, and so did the others.

We thought it tasted queer for quinine; in fact, we suspected it was gin—and it was!

The mess caterer had given the boy the wrong bottle—and now he is trying to extract the price of the gin from us. What a hope!

TOO MUCH FOR JERRY

With the 8th Army, L./Cpl. R. M. Dempster writes to a friend at Wood-stock Road, Lanark, Scotland:

You will have heard by wireless of the fighting at ——, and things were really hot for the first eight days.

On the first night our artillery barrage was terrific. Then the Scotties went into action, led by their pipers; and I guess that the Scotties and the noise of the bagpipes shook Jerry up a bit.

After two days, three hundred German officers and men came in as prisoners, saying that they couldn't stand our shell-ing any longer.

Our men are magnificent. When Jerry was sending over some heavy "stuff" they kept going as if on a route march along English country lanes.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Whenever a shell whistled a bit close the sergeant shouted, "Down, lads," and after the explosion, "Up and going," and so they marched on, bright and cheery as if they were on an outing.

A few days ago we met a party of Italian officers and men who had been taken prisoner and were driving their own lorries eastwards.

We were having a meal, and they stopped near by and got out. One of the Ities had an accordion, so we had a little singsong before going our respec-tive ways.

FROM A PRISON CAMP

A tough Commando who is a prisoner in a German camp manages to keep fighting fit by boxing. He describes his life in a letter to his mother at Navarino Mansions, Hack-ney, London, E.8.:

Last night we ran our boxing show, which was a real success, if not quite up to Albert Hall standard.

To-day the prizes were presented—three cigars, an album, two bottles of hair tonic, and some cigarettes!

When my turn came there were no more prizes left, but mine will come later—a special one.

I have also been made official boxing instructor to the boys. I can still do a bit, for I boxed a three-round exhibition bout, which earned me the title of "Champion."

Apart from sport, I can now cook very well, and my latest Yorkshire pudding was a beauty. So don't be surprised if I mess around doing the cooking when I get home.

We all get parcels of books from home, and they are very welcome. My love to you and Dad, Iris and Queenie. Cheerio!

4 DOZ. BANANAS—4d.

Serving with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, Sgt.-Pilot D. J. Green writes to his mother at Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex:

I went to an open-air cinema last night for the first time.

We sat in basket chairs under a starry sky, with lofty palms waving gently in the cool night breeze. The film was Shaw's "Pygmalion," and it was perfect entertainment.

We all have our "boys" who make our beds, clean our shoes, wash and iron our clothes, and generally run around for us.

My lad is called Christian (and very proud of it). His full name is R. K. Charles Christian. He doesn't know what the R. K. stands for, but he likes the look of it!

Young Christian thinks England is rather a long way off, but he has ideas about coming home with me.

Also he is good at shopping. The other day he bought us four dozen bananas for fourpence!

THANKS TO FACTORIES

In the thick of the fighting in North Africa, Cpl. P. C. Mason, R.A.S.C., writes to his wife at Wilton Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham:

It looks as if our bit of trouble in North Africa will soon be over. The troops taking part in this "scrap" are pleased with themselves, and the victory will show that, given an even chance, we can knock spots off Jerry at any time and any place.

We don't forget that our successes are due to supplies coming through from the people working in the factories at home.

Up-to-date birthday card, sent from the front by airgraph to a Glasgow reader

Also the R.A.F. and the Navy are doing an excellent job—and when the average Tommy hands out praise, somebody has earned it.

Of course, we have had our bad patches, but now we are really getting down to the job. Goering is going to lose a few medals, and Hitler must be busy biting his carpet, realising that something has gone wrong with *Mein Kampf*.

SAND FROLICS

Sand-spouts in the desert add to the variety of life of men serving with the M.E.F. Pte. C. Peacock, R.A.S.C., writes to his mother at Felsham Road, Putney, S.W.15:

Nature plays wonderful tricks with sand and dust in these parts. The first time I noticed it was when I saw a "pipe" or "spout" of sand and dust stretching up into the clouds like a giant chimney-stack, and there seemed to be no wind at all.

I wondered what they would look like at close quarters, and last Sunday I had my wish. At 3 p.m. we were lying down in our tent when the rain came down in buckets.

We got up to have a look, and there, not twenty yards away, was a whirlwind in full blast. Everything within the radius of the circle was going round like mad.

It was too wide to see the centre of the "spout." Then as we looked there was a great rushing sound and the whole lot was being drawn up into the sky.

Two of our tents went up with the sand and disappeared. Petrol tins, clothes and odd bits of equipment were all "Gone With the Wind."

Later some of the missing items came down one by one at different places and looking much the worse for wear.

THE BIG LANDING

Eighteen-year-old A.B. D. Steven-son, serving on H.M.S. ——, took part in the transport of troops to North Africa, and writes to his parents at Bennett Road, Clee-thorpes, Lincs:

Well, our job was to take some of the lads to two ports in North Africa, and the landing was a wonderful sight.

Everything was going nicely when the Italians came over with their bombers, but we sent them off with fleas in their ears. Two were shot down and others limped away badly damaged.

From Algiers we went to Bougie, where we landed some more troops. Everything went well, so you can guess how proud I feel.

Well, Mum, in peace time people pay pounds and pounds to see the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and here am I seeing it all for nothing, with some extra excitement thrown in!

We are having a quiet spell just now, but I am hoping that it won't be long before we see some more action. I will tell you the full story when I get home.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

WHEN a coal-cutter was installed in a local mine the men produced much more coal. The owners at once wanted to reduce wages. When the miners objected, the machine was taken out. Who is to blame?—"Old Sweat," Lancs.

★ ★ ★

Old Regular Army pensioners have a real grievance, but nothing is done about it. My pension granted in 1912 has been reduced in real value to fivepence in the shilling. Because of this inadequate Service pension I am debarred from any increase in old age pension rate.—J. Sullivan, Aldershot.

★ ★ ★

Healthy-looking men go from door to door to sell articles which can be ob-tained at local shops. Women are con-scripted for the Services and for manual labour while these dodgers call at our houses. — "Patriotic," Bowley Road, Liverpool.

★ ★ ★

Save fuel, says the Government. Yet in a local Ministry of Food office I saw two huge fires heaped up with coals which made the small office like a Turkish bath. In addition an electric fire was in use.—G. F. B., Sutton Valence, Maidstone, Kent.

A SADIST'S

★ *If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

THERE is a streak of cruelty in human nature. We see it in the conduct of young children, and boys often take a fiendish delight in torturing one of their fellows.

Most people grow more tolerant as they get older, but some remain at that stage for the rest of their [illegible]

"A short while ago," writes a man, "I had a spasm of [illegible] sitting with a cat in front of the fire, playing with it, when I suddenly felt an urge of cruelty come over me.

"It was only by a terrific exertion of willpower that I stopped myself from strangling the poor animal.

"As it was, I kicked it half-way across the room. You will never know the agony of mind I went through when I came to my senses.

"I fondled and petted it, and I prayed to God that the cat would be able to understand my regret for what I had done.

"At times there comes the feeling that I would like to have someone completely in my power, to kill with the physical force of my hands. I come out in a sweat.

"I suppress these terrible feelings. They do not come frequently—only at intervals—but they are a problem, and I should like to know whether such ex-periences happen to other young people of my age.

"Hoping you will be understand-ing. . . ."

The writer has this streak of unreason-ing cruelty in his nature, and it is well known to psychologists, who call it "sadism."

There is also an opposite tendency ("masochism") which finds some mysterious pleasure in being hurt. Perhaps readers will find it hard to believe that human beings ever want to be hurt, but I have had many letters about it.

My reason for not quoting one at this

IN THE DOCK

HAVEN'T we all done something which we regret? Haven't we all done something we long to forget? Haven't we all spun falsehood out of plain fact, and haven't we all caused heartache by some thoughtless act?

HAVEN'T we all neglected stern duty for fun? Haven't we all Life's second-rate paltry things done? Haven't we all gone a roundabout way on Life's climbs, and haven't we all denied our conscience at times?

HAVEN'T we all missed our cues in some of Life's acts? Haven't we all metaphorically torn up Life's pacts? Haven't we all committed some far-reaching sin, and haven't we all shut out Love and let Hate secretly in?

HAVEN'T we all been careless and very unwise? Haven't we all lost our temper and darkened Love's skies? Haven't we all by harshness broken Hope's Bowl, and haven't we all cast Fear's Shadow on somebody's Soul?

HAVEN'T we all sometimes wondered if God and His Heaven were true? And haven't we all lived ONE HOUR when Doubt fled and we suddenly knew? J. M.

APPEAL

...age is that almost invariably the letters ...re marked "Not for publication."

We often hear of young women who ...et satisfaction from being "treated ...ough." It is believed that both these ...ark instincts are derived from the ...riving power of thwarted sex.

Lovers of Dickens will recognise many ...haracters in his books who are very ...distic—Creakle, Squeers, Sally Brass, ... Quilp.

... man who wrote the ... ...: he fights against ... ...ognises it for some-

... has written about a ... ... is simple on the surface, but the principle involved goes deeper.

"I recently spent a day in the home of an elderly woman," he says, "and after lunch I suggested turning on the wireless.

"She asked me not to do so because she explained she had a son in the forces, and not knowing how he was faring at that moment she felt it was not right to enjoy herself by listening.

"Her wireless is kept for two purposes only—the news bulletins and the religious services. This seemed to me to be all wrong, but I could see no way to convince her. She looked upon her refusal to listen as a kind of sacrifice and enjoyed making it.

If the woman enjoys this sacrifice of her pleasure, it is unlikely that she will allow herself to be convinced by any arguments whatsoever.

I think she is obeying some unreasoned impulse and is making a gesture which has a symbolic meaning for her. Her son may be enduring hardship and danger; therefore, she will not do anything that shows lack of sympathy. One can understand her feeling.

I am not saying that I think her attitude is logical. Her self-sacrifice does not help the son in any way and if he knew what she was doing, he would disapprove emphatically.

The boys in the Forces know how many times a day their fathers and mothers think about them, but they would not want the people at home to be deprived of any honest pleasure because they themselves cannot share it.

Here's "Thrasher" and her crew, back home for a rare and precious rest

They Dodge Death in Whispers

by JOHN CASHEL

BACK again in a Home port, H.M. submarine *Thrasher* lies content at her berth like a long, sleek black cat stretched out on the hearthrug after good hunting among the mice.

Her bag is 40,000 tons of shipping sunk during as many miles of underwater prowling along the Axis supply routes to Africa.

For eighteen adventurous and hazardous months her sixty-one officers and men have not seen their own folk. Now it is leave-time.

Some of them, top-coats on, bags holding a few necessities and souvenirs slung over their shoulders, stand beside the conning-tower, grinning gaily.

His Baby Son

There's shy Petty Officer T. W. Gould, V.C., setting off to his native Dover to see, for the first time, his baby son, born ten months ago.

Just about then his father was a long way off in the Mediterranean crawling in the dark for forty minutes with one of his officers, Lieutenant P. S. W. Roberts, V.C., inside the deck casing of *Thrasher* to remove two unexploded bombs.

There's his Inverness-bound twenty-nine-year-old captain, Lieutenant H. S. Mackenzie, D.S.O., a model of understatement, attributing all his "misses" to "my bad shooting."

A southern Irishman—yes, and a New Zealander. And a young officer going to Ashford.

Like his skipper, he is the sort you'd choose to have at your side during the commonest ordeal our submarine crews risk every time they go into action against heavily protected targets.

"A bit unpleasant" . . . "Shakes you up a bit," is how they laugh away that routine hazard—Attacked with depth charges.

Just to appreciate what those bald words mean in terms of British fighting spirit, quiet courage and good comradeship, I asked some of these men to put the clock back to their thirteenth and latest patrol.

"Down Periscope!"

It takes them to Somewhere in the Ægean Sea. They are intercepting Rommel's supplies to Africa.

They've fired their "tin-fish" at two well-defended transports, one of the escorting destroyers being dangerously close.

"Down periscope!" quietly orders the captain as soon as the last torpedo has gone.

The nearest destroyer's engines, first a rumble in their ears, swell into a din as she heels round towards them to attack.

The under-water hunter, now the hunted, becomes more silent than ever.

Sound travels far and fast through water and is greatly magnified.

***Thrasher's* men speak no needless word; then, only in whispers. They move noiselessly as in stocking feet, and carefully.**

Continuing orders are given in undertones or with a nod.

Seconds only have passed since the first. Everything has gone like clockwork.

The quieter everyone and everything aboard is, the more deafening the machinery of the attackers seems.

The leader is now racing overhead; the noise from its propellers is terrific.

Hot on the Mark

Down, down, down come the depth charges. *One, two, three, four, five . . .* Vibration from the explosions is as if some Colossus is cracking a gigantic hammer on the submarine's steel shell. The bursts sound a few feet away. They are probably much farther.

More follow. Not in ones; in batteries. The petty-officer telegraphist calmly logs their number. They are aimed with considerable accuracy. The attacker is hot on the mark. Others join in.

Six times in ninety minutes they race over where *Thrasher* lies, though more than once she alters her position to fox them.

That ear-splitting scream of the propellers, all sound and fury, is the worst part of it.

The best is the opportune whisper of one officer, which shakes up a smile and strikes a note of good humour even in these "a bit unpleasant" circumstances.

"I think," he says, "I can hear one of our rat's teeth chattering!" (Softly, the joke is passed from man to man.)

Anyhow, it is a fact that no rodent is seen out of its quarters for long afterwards.

Hour after hour the sixty-one men, one for all and all for one, banded together by common fortune as possibly nowhere else, await the cover of darkness to surface, charge their batteries, give themselves a breath of fresh air.

Eight hours in all.

Tea and coffee, boiled on the electric cooker, and snacks of tinned food are welcome relief in cramped surroundings where, unlike those "blitzed" above ground, one can neither smoke to soothe one's feelings nor give vent to them by raising the voice above an undertone.

Hollywood Beauties

Gradually, through lack of oxygen, the atmosphere grows more and more muggy and sleepy.

Condensation of moisture coats the deck with a black slime.

The boat's brightly painted inside, palest of blue, provides a cheerful and cooling contrast. While a pictorial display of Hollywood beauties in the main torpedo room is a refreshing incentive for anyone to take a look that way!

Mostly, no one moves more than the few dutiful paces. There's little room.

Thrasher, one of our largest submarines, displacing 1,300 tons, is about as "big round" as a London Tube.

But a bewildering maze of pipe-lines, dials, valves and other crowded machinery take up much of the space of the train seats, leaving bare elbow-room most of the way down the middle of the boat.

Three Weeks' Night

Think what it's like in smaller ones during a long depth-charging or other enforced stay under water. Down by day, up by night; sometimes as long on patrol as three weeks without seeing daylight!

The "Miners" of the Sea!

Big boat or small, they share the same hazards.

The aeroplane has added greatly to them. In the clear blue of the Mediterranean, even when submerged, the underwater hunter can be detected if she is at shallow depth.

And depth charges from an aeroplane, if fewer than those of surface ships, are effective.

One of *Thrasher's* most cherished ... is a diagrammatic chart (... no less of the successes of her ... boats) showing the numbers of ... guns and other supplies the ship ... has destroyed could have carried to Rommel.

"It'd have taken a bunch of ... planes," said one of her men, "to ... sunk that lot!"

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN REPAY

IF you find the news inspiring—and who isn't thrilled by the fine achievements of our fighting men—why not go ahead with your own private campaigns?

You can do your bit, and a very valuable bit too, by resolving to put up your very best performance to date in the salvage field.

Scrap of all kinds grows more vital to the war effort as the fighting fronts extend. Back up the men at the front by seeing to it that they do not lack supplies.

There is still a demand for more Salvage Stewards—public-spirited men and women who have leisure enough to take on the duties of co-ordinating collections.

All over the country such stewards are doing invaluable work, keeping their neighbours posted as to local arrangements and requirements for the collection of all scrap.

If you feel you would like to take a more active part in the war effort here is your chance. Apply to your local council, who will be delighted to have your services. The work is really vital.

Paper, scrap metal, rubber. Every ounce is needed. Every ounce you can save from being wasted means another nail in the enemy's coffin.

There are 4 parts to the Potato Plan

Of course you have heard of the Potato Plan; you know roughly what it's all about—that we must eat the food we grow at home so as to free shipping for munitions and for our forces overseas.

But can you name the actual four parts of the plan? Run over them in your mind—and then check with the list below. And decide here and now which of the four parts you will adopt next week. You'll find it actually a help to housekeeping, not a nuisance or a difficult duty, if you plan *your* Potato Plan ahead.

1 Serve potatoes for breakfast three days a week.

2 Make your main dish a potato dish one day a week—potato dishes can be delicious and satisfying.

3 Refuse second helpings of other food until you've had more potatoes.

4 Serve potatoes in other ways than 'plain boiled'. Here's one to start on.

POTATO CUTLETS

They give you energy to start the day and they are easy to prepare the evening before. Scrub 1½ lb. potatoes and scrape ½ lb. carrots, boil together till tender. When cooked, peel potatoes and mash with carrots. Add 3 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful chutney, chopped bacon rinds or parsley. Then shape into cutlets. Next morning fry on both sides until brown in a very little fat.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

P.14

"That COLD Has Gone!"

NOW let's get back to work! I am glad I took a dose of Beecham's Powders. The symptoms have gone and I feel fine!

Beecham's Powders are really reliable. They act quickly and certainly. They are easy and pleasant to take. Grand for Colds, Chills, 'Flu, Nerve Pains and Rheumatic Twinges.

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½ EACH

GOOD Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

Best Value for Money—Best Value for Coupons!

"Winters" "Palm" Toffee

DELIGHTS·STRENGTHENS·SUSTAINS

LAST LAUGH

W. M. (Amersham).—"Strong action is taken in Italy against defeatist talk." Although there is very little else to talk about.

G. N. (Barnet).—"The black-out makes dogs quiet." But you can often hear the angry barking of householders' shins.

E. K. (Leeds).—"To save paper, the menu in a fashionable London restaurant is written on a slate." Unavailing efforts are made by the diners to persuade waiters to put the bill there, too.

G. L. (Guildford).—"Visiting a friend in the country last week-end I caught a severe cold due to a leak in the room." Apparently you were accommodated in the uninvited guest-room.

R. L. (Rye).—"A Berlin paper says that Rommel is the supreme genius in wars of movement." He must be. He has even been outdistancing Goebbels.

D. W. (Ashford).—"There is a shortage of syphons in some districts." It has been found that soda-water introduced by stirrup-pump rather overdoes the splash.

Mrs. G. (Glasgow).—"When the burglar threatened me I threw a bottle of brandy at his head and knocked him out." That's what we would call a spirited reply.

W. B. (Motherwell).—"I blamed the wife's home-made gingerbread for my stomach affliction, but the doctor told me that it was due to catarrh." He took the guilt off the gingerbread.

DIETIST (Cheltenham).—"There are few foods that contain no starch." Is that why the prices are so stiff?

SARAH (Poplar).—"You have only to look at her face to know she's a liar." Even that is made up, eh?

JACK (Bourne).—"When I first met my girl she was learning to skate, and she was very nice to me." She invited you to sit down beside her?

BILL (Bursiem).—"I have a right to fight if the cause is a good one." Well, if you have a good left as well you are all right, what?

V. V. (Bath).—"I would say 20 per cent. of our adult population plays whist." We think you really mean 20 per cent. of our whist players.

S. C. (Derby).—"I am not the sort of man to throw cold water on a good thing." You prefer your whisky neat?

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE FORTRESSES

"Golly! That reminds me! . . . Bet my stove's out, time I get back."

Side-Slips

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"I sincerely hope the BEVERAGE report will not mean more money forced from the poor."

THE ENFIELD GAZETTE AND OBSERVER:—"No child under ONE is to be employed on the Christmas postal rush unless circumstances are exceptional."

THE ORMSKIRK ADVERTISER:—". . . . a fireman was driving a saloon BAR in the direction of L——."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"S—— told him to get out and attacked him with a JOKER."

CATERHAM TIMES:—"W—— told the court that he saw the respirator DYING on the seat. . . ."

EVENING TIMES:—". . . jugged HAIR and stewed rabbit made up for the loss of sliced sausage."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Mrs. Moore is having a desperate struggle to maintain her attractive little daughter aged nine. Her husband was discharged from the Army in July, 1942, suffering from psychoneurosis. For the past four months Mrs. Moore has no knowledge of where her husband can be found.

She was suspended from work owing to ill-health, following rheumatic fever and subsequent heart trouble, and is badly in need of financial assistance to enable her to get sufficient nourishment to regain strength enough to start work again.

A clergyman in the district where Mrs. Moore lives assures us that this is a most deserving case.

Will you help this worried woman in her battle against ill-health and poverty?

Donations earmarked "Nine," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. We are very grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Donations to the fund are not subject to any deductions for administration; all these expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULL'

A. F. Poynter, 11, Fr... Rd., Erdington, Birm...gham, for this "Bullet"

PEOPLE OF TODAY

"LIVE SIMPLY" ... FOR VICTORY.

£20: W. J. Millar, ... dallymess, Story, Col. Stallingrad—"Arresting"—"Gripping"—"Striking"—"Smashing."

£10: G... Grainger, ..., London Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks.

Beveridge's Baby—Mustn't Give Him "Pick-a-back."

£5: W. P. ...rans, 13, Rugeldge Rd., Cinderford, Glos. When ... Comes Home—"Accent Settled ?"—"Debt" Remaining.

£4: T. Hatfield, 22, Gatley St., Birkenhead. Whitehead Washes—Removing "Dust" Fast Methods.

£3: J. T. Grigmstone, 58, Stirling Drive, Bearsden, Glasgow.

The Day Is Over When—Hitler's Word Seemed "Sentence."

CASH & CAKES SEE OFFER NEXT PAGE

£2: W. A. Fowler, 90, Chapel Rd., Eyarth, Wet Malling, Kent.

Boy With Ambition—Was "Post"—Sub "Letters."

£2s.: G. E. Parker, 65, Church Rd., Harlsd, Nuneaton.

Job For The Duration—Only? My Favourite Hour.

£2s.: L. Griffin, 2/3, Cornwall Rd., Pratton, Portsmouth.

Bevanism's Baby—"Modern Child" Is Nothing Grander.

£1s.: W. Whittaker, 65, Conway Rd., Cowpen, Tredegar, Glam.

In Revised Time—Lensch Re-construction "Ships" Too!

£2s.: W. E. Bell, 27, Rosslyn Avenue, Highfield, Liverpool.

The Kindness—"Stabbed" Frozen—"Pen-turned" Themselves.

£2s.: H. B. Slater, 8, Melstock Rd., King's Heath, Birmingham.

Biggest Of All—Dad's Guess, Jammed Portchester!

A Bet of 25 Winners of Celebration Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD No. 310.

WINNING WORDS: 1. Hearth. 2. Charm. 3. Lease. 4. Palace. 5. Meat. 6. Loan. 7. Goat. 8. Hero. 9. Fir. 10. Oven or Oxen. 11. Peach. 12. Wan. 13. Heavily. 14. Filled.

Winner of £100:—J. Beard, 77, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens, Lancs.

Runners-up Award, value £25, shared between 14 entrants. In addition, 4-lb. Celebration Cake goes to each Runner-up.

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

Sir Ronald Ross

(1857–1932)

Ross's brilliant researches into the causes of malaria led him to the discovery in 1897 that the disease is transmitted by mosquito-bite. This discovery has saved countless human lives and made possible the opening up of vast territories hitherto closed to development.

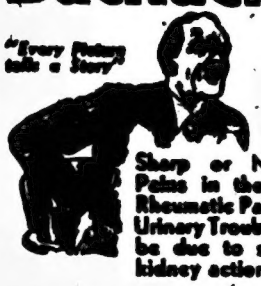
Great indeed is humanity's debt to Sir Ronald Ross. With infinite labour under the most terrible conditions this great-hearted pioneer pursued his quest until he had reduced the scourge of malaria and brought it under control.

A debt of gratitude is due, too, to those other pioneers whose work for social and economic welfare made possible the birth of Co-operation. They who fathered this great Movement gave to the world a formula for living and trading which has improved the lot of countless millions. To-day there is scarcely a field of human endeavour where its benefits are not felt.

Issued by the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

ad 1544 p

Why put up with Backache



Sharp or Nagging Pains in the Back, Rheumatic Pains and Urinary Troubles may be due to sluggish kidney action.

KIDNEY AILMENTS often follow a cold, a chill a spell of overwork and worry, since at such times the kidneys may become overburdened and act sluggishly. Perhaps you feel tired, miserable and depressed — back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. Possibly your trouble may be lumbago, rheumatic pains, urinary and bladder disorders, gravel or disturbed sleep.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This well-known medicine stimulates and flushes out the kidneys, so helping them to filter away the excess uric acid and other impurities which have been causing your distress. Doan's Pills have helped thousands. Let them help you!

1/3, 2/5 (Inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives; they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a natural laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Children love the delicious flavour. Obtainable everywhere 1/4 and 2/6.

MORE CASH and CAKES AWAITING WINNERS!

PRIZES £125 headed by £100 CASH for XWORDS

Awards value £25 between Runners-up

Also 50 4lb CELEBRATION CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNER UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 310 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No 314

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 IT MAY BECOME SORDID BUSINESS TO STRUGGLE FOR	PE CE			
2 ACTOR CAN'T APPEAL TO PITY OF AUDIENCE SIMPLY BY APPEARING IN	RAG			
3 SOME AUTHORS' BOOKS BECOME MORE POPULAR FOR BEING	REMI ED			
4 AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE FAMILIAR WITH	PLA ES			
5 RESULTS MAY POSSIBLY BE GRAVE IF MEN CAN'T FIND SHELTER IN HEAVY,	RAI			
6 MOTHERS DON'T LIKE THEIR BOYS TO	OX			
7 FIERY TUB-THUMPER PREFERS CROWD WHOSE PASSIONS ARE THIN	KIND ED			
8 SOME PEOPLE ARE PHYSICALLY INCAPABLE OF CHANGING ST	PLAN			
9 THIS OLD TIMER PROBABLY HAS ONE ATTRACTION FOR ARCHÆOLOGIST	L RE			
10 ONCE HAVING BEEN PURSUED FOR CRIME, GREAT MANY YOUTHS DO THIS	REPE T			
11 IT'S CRUEL TO LAUGH AT MAN SLIPPING CROPPER THROUGH SLIPPING ON	RIN			
12 ARRANGE OVER THIS HE FACE OF HEAVY FIRE IS USUALLY GOOD WORK	MI E			
13 IF YOU WANT BARGAINS IN BASEMENT YOU'VE GOT TO DO THIS QUICKLY	SCOU			
14 WINDOWS ARE THIS ON OCCASIONS	LEA ED			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Feb. 27

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK

No. .....MONDAY FEB. 15.

Signed .....

Address.....

314

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated March 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £200 for BULLETS—WIN YOURS TODAY!

FIRST PRIZE £50 MANY OVER £200 25 FINE 4lb CELEBRATION CAKES

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Feb. 26.

BETTER BRITAIN
FOR ALL TO ENJOY
THIS IS 1943, YET
OUR DAILY BREAD
WAR OF SURPRISES
THE LITTLE MEN
RIDICULOUS
VENGEANCE IS SWEET, SO
TO PUNISH THE CRIMINAL
MASS PRODUCTION

BULLETS 1,358 RESULT appears on page 14.

ALL TOO COMMON
METAL'S GETTING SCARCE, SO
EVERY PENNY
BIG DISAPPOINTMENT
THEY'RE A NUISANCE, BU
WELL AND TRULY
SEEMS UNENDING
HAPPY MARRIAGE
DAD'S AN ASS, BUT
I MUST SAY

Six "Examples" below are for compliance with any ONE additional word or 3 choice in the position indicated by dot line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

HOLE IN THE.....
HIS LAST.....
WHEN THE.....COME
NEW KIND OF .....
TO MAKE A.....
TOO MUCH TO.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated February 27.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, Feb. 15.
1,362

Signed.....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,362—or Xword No. 314, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

HUNDREDS OF DOG BREEDERS use Benbow's regularly as a tonic 'conditioner.' Give it to your dog. Send penny stamp, for a leaflet which will help you with to-day's doggy problems, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co. Ltd., Dept. (J.B.), 26 Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

At Chemists and Corn Merchants. Best for YOUR Dog, too—

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

The Nation's Choice!

Cuthbert's FAMOUS VEGETABLE Seeds and Fertilisers

On Sale at all Woolworth Stores

R. & G. CUTHBERT, THE NATION'S SEEDSMEN GOFF'S OAK, HERTFORDSHIRE

COLDS & 'FLU

Cephos

Sold everywhere in yellow packets from 1/3 to 10/- DOUBLE DOSE 2/6

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Iron to Win

Remember that any piece of iron, however small, will help to give the United Nations the *iron strength* they need to win. So search out every piece of 'scrap,' every article of iron that you can do without, and send them to be turned into the armaments that will help to keep you and your children free.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

HEALTHY & VITAL in Winter

If you want to feel fitter, look brighter, and at the same time improve figure and complexion—each night take Bile Beans.

Bile Beans give your system just the gentle help it needs to throw off winter sluggishness. Bile Beans not only ensure regular elimination of constipating and fat-forming food wastes, but also purify the blood, tone up the digestion and promote health and vitality. So remember, each night take—

BILE BEANS

The Ideal Tonic Laxative

Cadbury means Quality

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

FUEL RIGHTS and WRONGS

it's RIGHT to:

- Use today's hot oven to cook something extra, which can be eaten cold tomorrow.
- Read your meters once a week to see how much fuel you are saving and where you can make further economies.
- Reduce the area of your grate with fire-bricks: ordinary bricks will do.
- Limit your bath to 5 inches—and paint a line round the tub to remind you.

it's WRONG to:

- Allow the boiler fire to blaze fiercely—A *slow* fire is more efficient as well as more economical.
- Leave coals of any size on the fire last thing at night.
- Use the grill for making toast.
- Have a fire in a bedroom except in case of illness.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

SAVE COAL TO SPEED VICTORY

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

I'm in for a bad cold

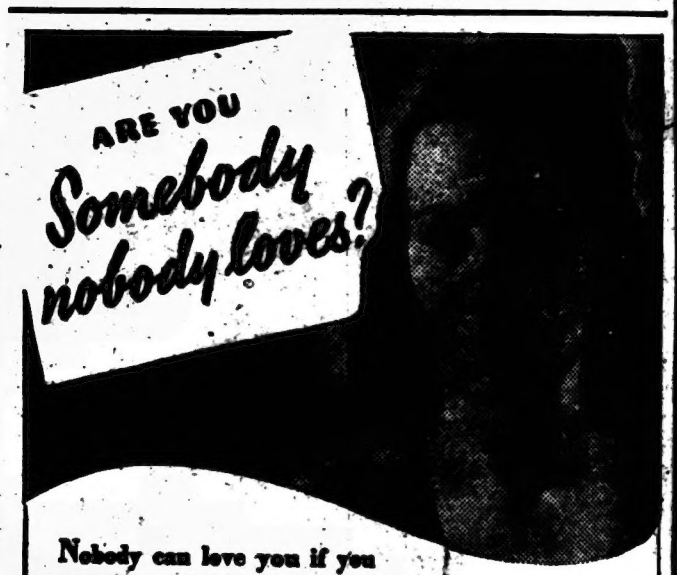
A chilly feeling—and a running nose. The infection is in your blood. Now you see the wisdom of keeping Phensic handy! Two tablets with a little water will cripple the activity of the cold germs, and help to get rid of their poisons by way of the kidneys. Your snuffles will dry up, the thick feeling in your head will vanish, and you'll be . . . . all right! Repeat the dose once or twice every few hours, just to make sure! 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

PHENSIC ACTS IN THIS WAY

Phensic is promptly absorbed into the blood. Kills the cold—picks-you-up!

—not if you kill the germs with Phensic

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART



Nobody can love you if you are guilty of Oral Offence. That is why it pays to use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that keeps your teeth sparkling and your mouth fragrant.

The largest tube at the price. 1/1 — *Including Tax*

ORAL OFFENCE, the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY, AND BEFORE EVERY DATE

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